(1)

The Tragical HISTORY OF *King* RICHARD III.

CONTAINING,

The Diſtreſſes and Death of King HENRY the Sixth.
The Artful Acquiſition of the Crown by King RICHARD.
The Cruel Murder of young King EDWARD the Fifth, and his Brother in the *Tower*.
The Landing of the Earl of RICHMOND, and the Death of King RICHARD in the memorable Battle of *Boſworth Field*: Being the laſt that was fought between the Houſes of *York* and *Lancaſter*.

With many other Hiſtorical Paſſages.

At is now Acted at the THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*.

Reviv'd, with Alterations, by Mr. CIBBER.

—— *Domeſtica Facta.*

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HISTORY

OF

KING RICHARD III.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

King *Henry* the Sixth - - - - -	Mr. *Wilks.*
Edward Prince of *Wales*- - - -	Mr. *Norris*, Jun.
Richard Duke of *York*- - - - -	Miſs *Lindar.*
Richard Duke of *Glouceſter*- - -	Mr. *Cibber.*
Duke of *Buckingham*- - - - -	Mr. *Mills.*
Henry Earl of *Richmond*- - - -	Mr. *Ryan.*
Duke of *Norfolk*- - - - - -	Mr. *Boman*, Sen.
Ratcliff - - - - - - - - -	Mr. *Oates.*
Catesby - - - - - - - - -	Mr. *Diggs.*
Treſſel- - - - - - - - -	Mr. *Will. Wilks*
Oxford - - - - - - - - -	Mr. *Boman*, Jun.
Lieutenant of the *Tower* - - - -	Mr. *Quin.*
Blunt - - - - - - - - -	Mr. *Wright.*
Lord Mayor - - - - - - - -	Mr. *Miller.*
Tirrel- - - - - - - - -	Mr. *Weller.*
Forreſt - - - - - - - - -	Mr. *Wilſon.*
Dighton - - - - - - - - -	Mr. *Higginſon.*

WOMEN.

Elizabeth, Relict of *Edward* the Fourth - - - - - - - -	Mrs. *Porter.*
Lady *Anne*, Relict of *Edward* Prince of *Wales*- - - - - - - -	Mrs. *Horton.*
Ducheſs of *York* - - - - - - -	Mrs. *Baker.*

Gentlemen, Ladies, Guards, and Attendants.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

WOMEN.

Gentlemen, Ladies, Guards, and Attendants.

THE Tragical HISTORY OF *King* RICHARD III.

ACT. I.

SCENE *a Garden in the* Tower.

Enter Lieutenant, *and* Servant.

LIEUTENANT.

HAS King *Henry* walk'd forth this Morning?

Ser. No, Sir, but 'tis near his Hour.

Lieu. At any Time when you see him here,
Let no Stranger into the Garden;
I wou'd not have him star'd at---See, who's that
Now entring at the Gate? [*Knocking without.*

Ser. Sir, the Lord *Stanley*.

Lieu. Leave me---- *Exit.* Serv.

Enter

Enter Lord Stanley.

My noble Lord, you're welcome to the *Tower*;
I heard last Night you late arriv'd with News
Of *Edward*'s Victory to his joyful Queen.

Stan. Yes, Sir, and I am proud to be the Man
That first brought home the Last of Civil Broils;
The Houſes now of *York* and *Lancaſter*,
Like bloody Brothers fighting for Birthright,
No more ſhall wound the Parent, that wou'd part 'em:
Edward now ſits ſecure on *England*'s Throne.

Lieu. Near *Tewksbury*, my Lord, I think they fought.
Has the Enemy loſt any Men of Note?

Stan. Sir, I was poſted Home
Ere an Account was taken of the Slain;
But as I left the Field, a Proclamation
From the King was made in Search of *Edward*,
Son to your Priſoner, King *Henry* the Sixth,
Which gave Reward to thoſe diſcover'd him,
And him his Life, if he'd ſurrender. Father,

Lieu. That brave young Prince, I fear, unlike his
Too high of Heart to brook ſubmiſſive Life:
This will be heavy News to *Henry*'s Ear,
For on this Battle's Caſt his All was ſet.

Stan. King *Henry* and ill Fortune are familiar;
He ever threw with an indifferent Hand,
But never yet was known to loſe his Patience:
How does he paſs the Time in his Confinement?

Lieu. As one whoſe Wiſhes never reach'd a Crown;
The King ſeems dead in him—but as a Man
He ſighs ſometimes in want of Liberty.
Sometimes he reads, and walks, and wiſhes
That Fate had bleſs'd him with an humbler Birth,
Not to have felt the falling from a Throne.

Stan. Were it not poſſible to ſee this King?
They ſay he'll freely talk with *Edward*'s Friends,
And ever treats them with Reſpect and Honour.

Lieu. This is his uſual Time of walking forth
(For he's allow'd the Freedom of the Garden)
After his Morning Prayer; he ſeldom fails,

Behind

Behind this Arbour we unſeen may ſtand
A while to obſerve him. [*They retire.*

Enter King Henry *in Mourning.*

Hen. By this Time the deciſive Blow is ſtruck,
Either my Queen and Son are bleſs'd with Victory,
Or I'm the Cauſe no more of civil Broils.
Wou'd I were dead, if Heav'n's Good-will were ſo,
For what is in this World but Grief and Care?
What Noiſe and Buſtle do Kings make to find it?
When Life's but a ſhort Chaſe, our Game Content,
Which moſt purſu'd, is moſt compell'd to fly;
And he that mounts him on the ſwifteſt Hope,
Shall often run his Courſer to a Stand;
While the poor Peaſant from ſome diſtant Hill,
Undanger'd and at Eaſe, views all the Sport,
And ſees Content take ſhelter in his Cottage.

Stan. He ſeems extreamly mov'd.

Lieu. Does he know you?

Stan. No, nor wou'd I have him.

Lieu. We'll ſhow ourſelves. [*They come forward.*

Hen. Why, there's another Check to proud Ambition;
That Man receiv'd his Charge from me, and now
I'm his Priſoner---he locks me to my Reſt.
Such an unlook'd for Change who cou'd ſuppoſe,
That ſaw him kneel to kiſs the Hand that rais'd him:
But that I ſhou'd not now complain of,
Since I from thence may happily derive
His civil Treatment of me---Morrow *Lieutenant*,
Is any News arriv'd---Who's that with you?

Lieu. A Gentleman that came laſt Night Expreſs
From *Tewkſbury*---we've had a Battle.

Hen. Comes he to me with Letters, or Advice?

Lieu. Sir, he's King *Edward*'s Officer, your Foe.

Hen. Then he won't flatter me---You're welcome, Sir;
Not leſs becauſe you are King *Edward*'s Friend,
For I have almoſt learn'd my ſelf to be ſo;
Cou'd I but once forget I was a King,
I might be truly happy, and his Subject.

You've

You've gain'd a Battle, is't not so?

Stan. We have, Sir,--how, will reach your Ear too soon.

Hen. If to my Loss, it can't too soon---pray speak,
For Fear makes Mischief greater than it is,
My Queen! my Son! Say, Sir, are they living?

Stan. Since my Arrival, Sir, another Post
Came in, and brought us Word your Queen and Son
Were Prisoners now at *Tewksbury*.

Hen. Heav'n's Will be done! the Hunters have 'em now,
And I have only Sighs and Prayers to help 'em.

Stan. King *Edward*, Sir, depends upon his Sword,
Yet prays heartily, when the Battle's won;
And Soldiers love a bold and active Leader.
Fortune, like Women, will be close pursu'd:
The *English* are high mettl'd, Sir, and 'tis
No easie part to sit 'em well---*King Edward*
Feels their Temper, and 'twill be hard to throw him.

Hen. Alas! I thought 'em Men, and rather hop'd
To win their Hearts by Mildness than Severity,
My Soul was never form'd for Cruelty:
In my Eyes Justice has seem'd bloody,
When on the City Gates I have beheld
A Traytor's Quarters parching in the Sun,
My Blood has turn'd with Horror at the Sight;
I took 'em down, and bury'd with his Limbs
The Memory of the dead Man's Deeds---perhaps
That Pity made me look less terrible,
Giving the Mind of weak Rebellion Spirit;
For Kings are put in Trust for all Mankind,
And when themselves take Injuries, who is safe?
If so, I have deserv'd these Frowns of Fortune.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a Gentleman brings a Warrant
For his Access to King *Henry*'s Presence.

Lieu. I come to him.

Stan. His Business may require your Privacy;
I'll leave you, Sir, wishing you all the Good
That can be wish'd---not wronging him I serve.

Hen.

Hen. Farewell! [*Exeunt.*] Who can this be! A ſudden Coldneſs,
Like the damp Hand of Death has ſeiz'd my Limbs;
I fear ſome heavy News!

Enter Lieutenant.

Who is it, Good Lieutenant?

Lieu. A Gentleman, Sir, from *Tewkſbury*—he ſeems
A melancholy Meſſenger—for when I aſk'd
What News, his Anſwer was a deep fetch'd Sigh;
I wou'd not urge him, but I fear 'tis fatal. [*Exit.*

Enter Treſſel *in Mourning.*

Hen. Fatal indeed! his Brow's the Title Page,
That ſpeaks the Nature of a tragick Volume.
Say Friend, how does my Queen! my Son!
Thou trembleſt, and the Whiteneſs of thy Cheek
Is apter than thy Tongue to tell the Errand,
Ev'n ſuch a Man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſs,
So dull, ſo dead in Look, ſo woe to be gone,
Drew *Priam*'s Curtain in the dead of Night,
And wou'd have told him half his *Troy* was burn'd,
But *Priam* found the Fire ere he his Tongue,
And I my poor Son's Death ere thou relat'ſt it.
Now would'ſt thou ſay—your Son did thus and thus,
And thus your Queen—ſo fought the valiant *Oxford*,
Stopping my greedy Ear with their bold Deeds,
But in the End, (to ſtop my Ear indeed)
Thou haſt a Sigh, to blow away this Praiſe,
Ending with Queen and Son, and all are dead.

Treſſ. Your Queen yet lives, and many of your Friends,—
But for my Lord your Son—

Hen. Why, he is dead!—yet ſpeak I charge thee!
Tell thou thy Maſter his Suſpicion lies,
And I will take it as a kind Diſgrace,
And thank thee well, for doing me ſuch Wrong.

Treſſ. Would it were wrong to ſay; but, Sir, your (Fears are true.

Hen. Yet for all this, ſay not, my Son is dead.

Treſſ. Sir, I am ſorry I muſt force you to

Believe,

Believe, what wou'd to Heav'n I had not ſeen?
But in this laſt Battle near *Tewksbury*,
Your Son, whoſe active Spirit lent a Fire
Ev'n to the dulleſt Peaſant in our Camp;
Still made his Way where Danger ſtood to oppoſe him.
A braver Youth of more courageous Heat,
Ne'er ſpurr'd his Courſer at the Trumpet's ſound
But who can rule the uncertain Chance of War?
In fine, King *Edward* won the bloody Field,
Where both your Queen, and Son, were made his Priſoners.

Hen. Yet hold! for oh, this Prologue lets me in
To a moſt fatal Tragedy to come.
Dy'd he Priſoner, ſay'ſt thou? how? by Grief,
Or by the bloody Hands of thoſe that caught him?

Treſſ. After the Fight, *Edward* in Triumph ask'd
To ſee the Captive Prince—the Prince was brought,
Whom *Edward* roughly chid for bearing Arms;
Asking what Reparation he cou'd make
For having ſtirr'd his Subjects to Rebellion?
Your Son impatient of ſuch Taunts, reply'd,
Bow like a Subject, proud, ambitious *York*,
While I now ſpeaking with my Father's Mouth,
Propoſe the ſelf ſame Rebel Words to thee,
Which, Traytor, thou would'ſt have me anſwer to:
From theſe, more Words aroſe; till in the End
King *Edward* ſwell'd with what th'unhappy Prince
At ſuch a time too freely ſpoke, his Gauntlet
In his young Face with Indignation ſtruck.
At which, crook'd *Richard*, *Clarence*, and the reſt,
Bury'd their fatal Daggers in his Heart.
In bloody State I ſaw him on the Earth,
From whence with Life he never more ſprung up.

Hen. Oh! had'ſt thou ſtabb'd at every Word's Deliverance,
Sharp Poniards in my Fleſh while this was told,
Thy Wounds had giv'n leſs Anguiſh than thy Words.
Oh! Heav'ns, methinks I ſee my tender Lamb
Gaſping beneath the ravenous Wolves fell Gripe!
But ſay, did all—did they all ſtrike him, ſay'ſt thou?

Treſſ.

Treff. All, Sir, but the first Wound Duke *Richard* (gave

Hen. There let him ſtop! be that his laſt of Ills!
O barbarous Act! unhoſpitable Men!
Againſt the rigid Laws of Arms to kill him!
Was't not enough, his hope of Birthright gone,
But muſt your Hate be level'd at his Life?
Nor cou'd his Father's Wrongs content you?
Nor could a Father's Grief diſſuade the Deed?
You have no Children—(Butchers if you had)
The Thought of them wou'd ſure have ſtirr'd Remorſe.

Treff. Take Comfort, Sir, and hope a better Day.

Hen. Oh! who can hold a Fire in his Hand,
By thinking on the froſty *Caucaſus*?
Or wallow naked in *December*'s Snow,
By bare remembrance of the Summer's Heat?
Away—by Heaven I ſhall abhor his Sight,
Whoever bids me be of Comfort more!
If thou wilt ſooth my Sorrows, then I'll thank thee;
Ay! thou'rt kind indeed! theſe Tears oblige me.

Treff. Alas! my Lord, I fear more Evils to'ards (you,

Hen. Why, let it come, I fcarce ſhall feel it now,
My preſent Woes have beat me to the Ground,
And my hard Fate can make me fall no lower.
What can it be—give it its ugliеſt Shape—Oh my poor (Boy!

Treff. A Word does that, it comes in *Gloſter*'s Form.

Hen. Frightful indeed! give me the worſt that (threatens,

Treff. After the Murther of your Son, ſtern *Richard*,
As if unſated with the Wounds he had given,
With unwaſh'd Hands went from his Friends in haſte;
And being ask'd by *Clarence* of the Cauſe,
He, lowring, cry'd Brother, I muſt to the *Tower*;
I've Buſineſs there; excuſe me to the King;
Before you reach the Town, expect ſome News;
This ſaid, he vaniſh'd—and I hear's arriv'd.

Hen. Why then the Period of my Vows is ſet;
For 'Tis but thought by him, are half perform'd.

Enter Lieutenant *with an Order.*

Lieu. Forgive me, Sir, what I'm compell'd t'obey,
An Order for your cloſe Confinement.

Hen. Whence comes it, good Lieutenant?

Lieu. Sir, from the Duke of *Glo'ſter*.

Hen. Good Night to all then; I obey it;
And now, good Friend, ſuppoſe me on my Death-bed,
And take of me thy laſt, ſhort living Leave.
Nay, keep thy Tears till thou haſt ſeen me dead:
And when in tedious Winter Nights, with good
Old Folks, thou ſit'ſt up late
To hear 'em tell the diſmal Tales,
Of Times long paſt, ev'n now with Woe remember'd,
Before thou bidd'ſt Good night, to quit their Grief,
Tell thou the lamentable Fall of me,
And ſend thy Hearers weeping to their Beds. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Richard.

Rich. Now are our Brows bound with victorious Wreaths;
Our ſtern Alarms are chang'd to merry Meetings;
Our dreadful Marches to delightful Meaſures:
Grim-viſag'd War has ſmooth'd his wrinkl'd Front,
And now, inſtead of mounting barbed Steeds,
To fright the Souls of fearful Adverſaries,
He capers nimbly in a Lady's Chamber,
To the laſcivious Pleaſing of a Lute.
But I, that am not ſhap'd for ſportive Tricks,
I, that am curtail'd of Man's fair Proportion,
Deform'd, unfiniſh'd, ſent before my Time
Into this breathing World, ſcarce half made up,
And that ſo lamely and unfaſhionable,
That Dogs bark at me as I halt by 'em.
Why I, in this weak, this piping Time of Peace,
Have no Delight to paſs away my Hours,
Unleſs, to ſee my Shadow in the Sun,
And deſcant on my own Deformity.

Then

Then, ſince this Earth affords no Joy to me,
But to command, to check, and to o'erbear ſuch
As are of happier Perſon than my ſelf:
Why then to me this reſtleſs World's but Hell.
'Till this miſhapen Trunk's aſpiring Head
Be circl'd in a glorious Diadem——
But then 'tis fix'd on ſuch an Height; oh! I
Muſt ſtretch the utmoſt reaching of my Soul.

I'll climb betimes, without Remorſe or Dread,
And my firſt Step ſhall be on Henry's *Head.* [Exit.

SCENE, *a Chamber in the* Tower.

King Henry *Sleeping.*

Enter Lieutenant.

Lieu. Aſleep ſo ſoon! but Sorrow minds no Seaſons,
The Morning, Noon, and Night with her's the ſame;
She's fond of any Hour that yields Repoſe. (hither?
Hen. Who's there! *Lieutenant!* Is it you! Come
Lieu. You ſhake my Lord, and look affrighted.
Hen. Oh! I have had the fearfull'ſt Dream! ſuch Sights,
That, as I live
I wou'd not paſs another Hour ſo dreadful,
Tho' 'twere to buy a World of happy Days.
Reach me a Book—I'll try if reading can
Divert theſe melancholy Thoughts.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Good Day, my Lord; what, at your Book ſo hard?
I diſturb you.
Hen. You do indeed.
Rich. Go Friend leave us to our ſelves, we muſt confer.
Hen. What bloody Scene has *Roſcius* now to act?
[*Exit. Lieu.*
Rich. Suſpicion always haunts the guilty Mind:
The Thief does fear each Buſh and Officer.
Hen. Where Thieves without Controlment rob and kill,
The Traveller does fear each Buſh a Thief:

The

The poor Bird that has been already lim'd,
With trembling Wings misdoubts of every Bush;
And I, the hapleſs Male to one ſweet Bird,
Have now the fatal Object in my Eye,
By whom my young one bled, was caught and kill'd.

Rich. Why, what a peevish Fool was that of *Crete*,
That taught his Son the Office of a Fowl,
And yet for all his Wings the Fool was drown'd:
Thou ſhoud'ſt have taught the Boy his Prayers alone,
And then he had not broke his Neck with climbing.

Hen. Ah! kill me with thy Weapon, not with Words!
My Breaſt can better brook thy Dagger's Point,
Than can my Ears that piercing Story;
But wherefore do'ſt thou come, is't for my Life?

Rich. Think'ſt thou I am an Executioner?

Hen. If murthering Innocents be executing,
Then thou'rt the worſt of Executioners.

Rich. Thy Son I kill'd for his Preſumption.

Hen. Had'ſt thou been kill'd when firſt thou didſt preſume,
Thou had'ſt not liv'd to kill a Son of mine:
How many old Mens Sighs, and Widows Moans?
But thou wer't born to maſſacre Mankind.
How many Orphans water-ſtanding Eyes,
Men for their Sons, Wives for their Husbands Fate,
And Children for their Parents timeleſs Death,
Will rue the Hour that ever thou were born?
The Owl ſhriek'd at thy Birth, an evil Sign;
The Night-Crow cry'd, foreboding luckleſs Time;
Dog's howl'd, and hideous Tempeſt ſhook down Trees;
The Raven rook'd her on the Chimney's Top,
And chattering Pies in diſmal Diſcords ſung;
Thy Mother felt more than a Mother's Pain,
And yet brought forth leſs than a Mother's Hope.
Teeth had'ſt thou in thy Head, when thou wer't born,
Which plainly ſaid, Thou cam'ſt to bite Mankind,
And if the reſt be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'ſt----

Rich. I'll hear no more---die Prophet in thy Speech,
For this amongſt the reſt was I ordain'd: *Stabs him.*

Hen.

Hen. Oh! and for much more Slaughter after this; *Dies.*
Juſt Heav'n forgive my Sins, and pardon thee.

Rich. What! will the aſpiring Blood of *Lancaſter*
Sink in the Ground? ----I thought it wou'd have mounted.
See how my Sword weeps for the poor King's Death.
O, may ſuch Purple Tears be always ſhed
From thoſe that wiſh the Downfal of our Houſe.
If any Spark of Life be yet remaining,
Down, down to Hell, and ſay, I ſent thee thither.
I that have neither Pity, Love, nor Fear;
Indeed, 'tis true, what *Henry* told me of;
For I have often heard my Mother ſay,
I came into the World with my Legs forward;
The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women cry'd,
Good Heav'n bleſs us he is born with Teeth!
And ſo I was, which plainly ſignify'd
That I ſhou'd ſnarl and bite, and play the Dog.
Then ſince the Heav'ns have ſhap'd my Body ſo,
Let Hell make crook'd my Mind to anſwer it;
I have no Brother, am like no Brother;
And this Word *Love*, which Grey-beards call Divine,
Be reſident in Men, like one another,
And not in me---I am---my ſelf alone.
Clarence, beware, thou keep'ſt me from the Light;
But if I fail not in my deep Intent,
Thou'ſt not another Day to live; which done,
Heav'n take the weak King *Edward* to his Mercy,
And leave the World for me to buſtle in.
But ſoft---I'm ſharing Spoil before the Field is won.

Clarence *ſtill breathes*, Edward *ſtill lives and reigns,*
When they are gone, then I muſt count my Gains. [Exit.

The End of the Firſt ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE *St. Paul's.*

Enter Treſſel, *meeting Lord* Stanley.

Treſſ. MY Lord, your Servant, pray what brought you to *Paul's*?

Stan. I came amongſt the Crowd to ſee the Corps of Poor King *Henry*; 'tis a diſmal Sight:
But Yeſterday I ſaw him in the *Tower*;
His Talk is ſtill ſo freſh within my Memory,
That I could weep to think how Fate has us'd him.
I wonder where's Duke *Richard's* Policy
In ſuffering him to lie expos'd to view;
Can he believe that Men will love him for't?

Treſſ. O Yes, Sir, love him, as he loves his Brothers.
When was you with King *Edward*, pray my Lord?
I hear he leaves his Food, is melancholy,
And his Phyſicians fear him mightily.

Stan. 'Tis thought he'll ſcarce recover.
Shall we to Court, and hear more News of him.

Treſſ. I am oblig'd to pay Attendance here;
The Lady *Anne* has Licence to remove
King *Henry's* Corps to be interr'd at *Cherſey*;
And I am engag'd to follow her.

Stan. Mean you King *Henry's* Daughter-in-Law?

Treſſ. The ſame, Sir, Widow to the late Prince *Edward*.
Whom *Gloſter* kill'd at *Tewksbury*.

Stan. Alas! poor Lady, ſhe's ſeverely us'd;
And yet I hear *Richard* attempts her Love:
Methinks the Wrongs h'as done her ſhou'd diſcourage him.

Treſſ. Neither thoſe Wrongs, not his own Shape can fright him:
He ſent for Leave to viſit her this Morning,
And ſhe was forc'd to keep her Bed to avoid him:
But ſee, ſhe is arriv'd---Will you along

To

To ſee this doleful Ceremony?
Stay, I'll wait on you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Richard.

Rich. 'Twas her Excuſe to avoid me.---Alas!
She keeps no Bed-----
She has Health enough to progreſs far as *Chertſey,*
Tho' not to bear the Sight of me.
I cannot blame her----
Why, Love forſwore me in my Mother's Womb,
And for I ſhou'd not deal in his ſoft Laws,
He did corrupt frail Nature with ſome Bribe,
To ſhrink my Arm up like a wither'd Shrub,
To make an envious Mountain on my Back,
Where ſits Deformity to mock my Body;
To ſhape my Legs of an unequal Size,
To diſproportion me in ev'ry Part.
And am I then a Man to be belov'd?
O monſtrous Thought! more vain my Ambition.

Enter Lieutenant *haſtily.*

Lieu. My Lord, I beg your Grace-----
Rich. Be gone, Fellow! I'm not at Leiſure.
Lieu. My Lord, the King your Brother's taken ill.
Rich. I'll wait on him, leave me Friend.
Ha! *Edward* ta'n ill!
Wou'd he were waſted, Marrow, Bones and all,
That from his Loins no more young Brats may riſe
To croſs me in the Golden Time I look for!

SCENE draws, and diſcovers Lady Anne *in Mourning, Lord* Stanley, Treſſel, Guards *and* Bearers, *with King* Henry's *Body.*

But ſee! my Love appears---Look where ſhe ſhines,
Darting pale Luſtre, like the Silver Moon!
Thro' her dark Veil of rainy Sorrow!
So mourn'd the Dame of *Epheſus* her Love;
And thus the Soldier, arm'd with Reſolution,
Told his ſoft Tale, and was a thriving Wooer.
'Tis true, my Form perhaps will little move her,
But I've a Tongue ſhall wheedle with the Devil:

Yet

Yet hold, ſhe mourns the Man whom I have kill'd.
Firſt let her Sorrows take ſome vent—ſtand here,
I'll take her Paſſion in its Wain, and turn
This Storm of Grief to gentle Drops of Pity
For his Repentant Murderer. [*He retires.*

Lady Anne. Hung be the Heav'ns with black, yield Day to Night,
Comets importing Change of Times and States,
Brandiſh your fiery Treſſes in the Sky,
And with 'em ſcourge the bad revolting Stars
That have conſented to King *Henry*'s Death.
O be accurſt the Hand that ſhed this Blood,
Accurſt the Head that had the Heart to do it;
More direful Hap betide that hated Wretch,
Than I can wiſh to Wolves, to Spiders, Toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives:
If ever he have Wife, let her be made
More miſerable by the Life of him,
Than I am now by *Edward*'s Death and thine.

Rich. Poor Girl, what Pains ſhe takes to curſe herſelf. [*Aſide.*

L. Anne. If ever he have Child, abortive be it,
Prodigious and untimely brought to Light,
Whoſe hideous Form, whoſe moſt unnatural Aſpect
May fright the hopeful Mother at her view,
And that be Heir to his Unhappineſs.
Now on to *Chertſey* with your Sacred Load.

Rich. Stay, you that bear the Coarſe, and ſet it down.

L. Anne. What black Magician conjures up this Fiend,
To ſtop devoted charitable Deeds?

Rich. Villains, ſet down the Coarſe, or, by St. *Paul*,
I'll make a Coarſe of him that diſobeys.

Guard. My Lord, ſtand back, and let the Coffin paſs.

Rich. Unmanner'd Slave!
Stand thou when I command.
Advance thy Halbert higher than my Breaſt,
Or, by St. *Paul*, I'll ſtrike thee to my Foot,
And ſpurn thee, Beggar, for this Boldneſs. (Fiend?

L. Anne. Why do'ſt thou haunt him thus unſaid
Thou had'ſt but Power over his mortal Body,

His

His Soul thou can'ſt not reach, therefore be gone.

Rich. Sweet Saint, be not ſo hard for Charity.

L. Anne. If thou delight to view thy heinous Deeds,
Behold this Pattern of thy Butcheries.
Why didſt thou do this Deed? Cou'd not the Laws
Of Man, of Nature, nor of Heav'n diſſwade thee.
No Beaſt ſo fierce, but knows ſome touch of Pity.

Rich. If want of Pity be a Crime ſo hateful,
Whence is it thou, fair Excellence, art guilty?

L. Anne. What means the Slanderer?

Rich. Vouchſafe, Divine Perfection of a Woman,
Of theſe my Crimes ſuppos'd, to give me leave
By Circumſtance, but to acquit my ſelf.

L. Anne. Then take that Sword, whoſe bloody Point ſtill ſeeks
With *Henry*'s Life, with my lov'd Lord's young *Edward*'s,
And here let out thy own, to appeaſe their Ghoſts.

Rich. By ſuch Deſpair, I ſhou'd accuſe my ſelf.

L. Anne. Why by deſpairing only can'ſt thou ſtand excus'd?
Did'ſt thou not kill this King?

Rich. I grant ye.

L. Anne. Oh! he was gentle, loving, mild, and vertuous:
But he's in Heav'n where thou can'ſt never come.

Rich. Was I not kind to ſend him thither then?
He was much fitter for that Place than Earth.

L. Anne. And thou unfit for any Place but Hell.

Rich. Yes, one Place elſe---if you will hear me name it.

L. Anne. Some Dungeon.

Rich. Your Bed-Chamber.

L. Anne. Ill Reſt betide the Chamber where thou ly'ſt.

Rich. So it will, Madam, till I lie in yours.

L. Anne. I hope ſo.

Rich. I know ſo. But gentle Lady *Anne*,
To leave this keen Encounter of our Tongues,
And fall to ſomething a more ſerious Method,
Is not the Cauſer of the untimely Deaths
Of theſe *Plantagenets*, *Henry* and *Edward*,
As blameful as the Executioner?

L. Anne. Thou wert the Cauſe, and moſt accurs'd Effect.

Rich.

Rich. Your Beauty was the Cauſe of that Effect;
Your Beauty! that did haunt me in my Sleep,
To undertake the Death of all the World,
So I might live one Hour in that ſoft Boſom!

L. Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee Homicide,
Theſe Hands ſhou'd rend that Beauty from the Cheeks.

Rich. Theſe Eyes cou'd not endure that Beauty's Rack,
You ſhou'd not blemiſh it, if I ſtood by:
As all the World is nouriſh'd by the Sun,
So I by that--- It is my Day! my Life!

L. Anne. I wou'd it were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Rich. It is a Quarrel moſt unnatural,
To wiſh Revenge on him that loves thee.

L. Anne. Say rather 'tis my Duty,
To ſeek Revenge on him that kill'd my Husband.

Rich. Fair Creature, he that kill'd thy Husband,
Did it to---help thee to a better Husband.

L. Anne. His Better does not breathe upon the Earth.

Rich. He lives, that lov'd thee better than he cou'd.

L. Anne. Name him.

Rich. Plantagenet.

L. Anne. Why that was he?

Rich. The ſelf-ſame Name, but one of ſofter Nature.

L. Anne. Where is he?

Rich. Ah! take more Pity in thy Eyes, and ſee him---
here.

L. Anne. Wou'd they were Baſiliſks to ſtrike thee dead.

Rich. I wou'd they were, that I might die at once,
For now they kill me with a living Death;
Darting with cruel Aim Deſpair and Love;
I never ſu'd to Friend or Enemy;
My Tongue cou'd never learn ſweet ſmoothing Words;
But now thy Beauty is propos'd my Fee,
My proud Heart ſues, and prompts my Tongue to ſpeak.

L. Anne. Is there a Tongue on Earth can ſpeak for
thee?
Why doſt thou court my Hate!

Treſſ. Where will this end? She frowns upon him yet.

Stan. But yet ſhe hears him in her Frowns---I fear him.

Rich. O teach not thy ſoft Lip ſuch cold Contempt-----

If

f thy relentleſs Heart cannot forgive,
o, here I lend thee this ſharp-pointed Sword,
Vhich, if thou pleaſe to hide in this true Breaſt,
nd let the honeſt Soul out, that adores thee;
lay it naked to the deadly Stroke,
nd humbly beg that Death upon my Knee.
L. Anne. What ſhall I ſay or do! Direct me Heav'n;
Vhen Stones weep, ſure the Tears are natural,
nd Heaven it ſelf inſtructs us to forgive,
Vhen they do flow from a ſincere Repentance.
Rich. Nay, do not pauſe, for I did kill King *Henry*,
ut 'twas thy wondrous Beauty did provoke me;
ay, now diſpatch --'twas I that ſtabb'd young *Edward*,
ut 'twas thy heav'nly Face that ſet me on;
nd I might ſtill perſiſt (ſo ſtubborn is
ly Temper) to rejoice at what I've done;
ut that thy powerful Eyes (as roaring Seas
bey the Changes of the Moon) have turn'd
ly Heart, and made it flow with Penitence,
ake up the Sword again, or take up me.
[*She drops the Sword.*
L. Anne. No, tho' I wiſh thy Death,
will not be thy Executioner.
Rich. Then bid me kill my ſelf, and I will do it.
L. Anne. I have already.
Rich. That was in thy Rage:
y it agen, and ev'n with thy Word
his guilty Hand that robb'd thee of thy Love,
all for thy Love revenge thee on thy Lover.
o both their Deaths ſhalt thou be acceſſory.
Treſſ. By Heav'n ſhe wants the Heart to bid him do't.
Stan. What think you now, Sir?
Treſſ. I'm ſtruck! I ſcarce can credit what I ſee.
Stan. Why you ſee --a Woman.
Treſſ. When future Chronicles ſhall ſpeak of this,
hey will be thought Romance, not Hiſtory.
Rich. What, not a Word to pardon or condemn?
ut thou art wiſe--and can'ſt with Silence kill me;
t ev'n in Death my proſtrate Soul purſues thee;
ſh not the Tears of Penitence away;

I ask

I ask but leave to indulge my cold Deſpair;
By Heav'n there's Joy in this Extravagance
Of Woe—'tis melting, ſoft, 'tis pleaſing Ruin.
Oh! 'tis too much, too much for Life to bear
This aching Tenderneſs of Thought. thy Crimes.
L. Anne. Wou'd'ſt thou not blame me to forgive
Rich. They are not to be forgiven; no, not even
Penitence can atone 'em.—O Miſery
Of Thought! that ſtrikes me with at once Repentance
And Deſpair—tho' unpardon'd, yield me Pity.
L. Anne. Wou'd I knew thy Heart.
Rich. 'Tis figur'd in my Tongue.
L. Anne. I fear me both are falſe.
Rich. Then never Man was true.
L. Anne. Put up thy Sword.
Rich. Say then, my Peace is made.
L. Anne. That ſhalt thou know hereafter.
Rich. But ſhall I live in hope?
L. Anne. All Men, I hope, live ſo.
Rich. I ſwear, bright Saint, I am not what I was.
Thoſe Eyes have turn'd my ſtubborn Heart to Woman;
This Goodneſs makes me ſoft in Penitence,
And my harſh Thoughts are turn'd to Peace and Love.
Oh! if thy poor devoted Servant might
But beg one Favour at thy gracious Hand,
Thou wou'd'ſt confirm his Happineſs for ever.
L. Anne. What is it?
Rich. That it may pleaſe thee, leave theſe ſad Deſigns
To him that has moſt Cauſe to be a Mourner,
And preſently repair to *Crosby* Houſe;
Where after I have ſolemnly interr'd
At *Chertſey*-Monaſt'ry this injur'd King,
And wet his Grave with my repentant Tears,
I will with all expedient Duty ſee you:
For divers unknown Reaſons, I beſeech you
Grant me this Favour.
L. Anne. I do my Lord—and much it joys me too
To ſee you are become ſo penitent.
Treſſel and *Berkley* go along with me.
Rich. Bid me farewel.

L. Anne.

L. Anne. 'Tis more than you deſerve.
But ſince you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have ſaid farewel already. [*Exit.*

Guard. Towards *Chertſey*, my Lord?

Rich. No, to *White-Friers*, there attend my coming.
[*Ex. Guards with the Body.*
Was ever Woman in this Humour woo'd?
Was ever Woman in this Humour won?
I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.
What! I that kill'd her Husband and her Father,
To take her in her Heart's extremeſt Hate,
With Curſes in her Mouth, Tears in her Eyes,
The bleeding Witneſs of my Hatred by,
Having Heav'n, her Conſcience, and theſe Bars againſt me,
And I no Friends to back my Suit withal,
But the plain Devil, and diſſembling Looks!
And yet to win her! all the World to nothing!
Can ſhe abaſe her beauteous Eyes on me,
Whoſe All not equals *Edward*'s Moiety.
On me, that halt, and am miſhapen thus!
My Dukedom to a Widow's Chaſtity,
I do miſtake my Perſon all this while:
Upon my Life! ſhe finds, altho' I cannot,
My ſelf to be a marvellous proper Man.
I'll have my Chambers lin'd with Looking-Glaſs;
And entertain a Score or two of Taylors,
To ſtudy Faſhions to adorn my Body:
Since I am crept in favour with my ſelf,
I will maintain it with ſome little Coſt;
But firſt, I'll turn St. *Harry* to his Grave,
And then return lamenting to my Love.

Shine out fair Sun, till I ſalute my Glaſs,
That I may ſee my Shadow as I paſs. [Exit.

SCENE, *the Preſence.*

Enter Buckingham, *haſtily meeting Lord* Stanley.

Buck. Did you ſee the Duke?

Stan. What Duke, my Lord?

Buck. His Grace of *Glo'ſter*, did you ſee him?
Stan. Not lately my Lord---I hope no ill News.
Buck. The worſt that Heart e'er bore, or Tongue can utter,
Edward, the King! his Royal Brother's dead!
Stan. 'Tis ſad indeed---I wiſh by your Impatience,
To acquaint him, tho' you think it ſo to him: [*Aſide.*
Did the King, my Lord, make any mention
Of a Protector for his Crown and Children?
Buck. He did---Duke *Richard* has the care of both.
Stan. That ſad News you are afraid to tell him too. [*Aſide.*
Buck. He'll ſpare no Toil I'm ſure to fill his Place.
Stan. Pray Heav'n he's not too diligent. [*Aſide.*
My Lord---Is not that the Dutcheſs of *York*,
The King's Mother! coming, I fear, to viſit him.
Buck. 'Tis ſhe---little thinking what has befallen us.

Enter Dutcheſs *of* York.

Duch. York. Good Day, my Lords, how takes the King his Reſt?
Buck. Alas! Madam, too well---he ſleeps for ever.
Duch. York. Dead! Good Heav'n ſupport me!
Buck. Madam, 'twas my unhappy Lot to hear
His laſt departing Groans, and cloſe his Eyes.
Duch. York. Another taken from me too! why juſt
Am I ſtill left the laſt in Life and Woe? [Heav'n
Firſt I bemoan'd a noble Husband's Death,
Yet liv'd with looking on his Images:
But now my laſt Support is gone---Firſt *Clarence*,
Now *Edward* is for ever taken from me:
Both Crutches now the unrelenting Hand
Of Death has ſtricken from my feeble Arms,
And I muſt now of force ſink down with Sorrow.
Buck. Your youngeſt Son, the Noble *Richard* lives;
His Love, I know, will feel his Mother's Cares,
And bring new Comfort to your latter Days.
Duch. York. 'Twere new indeed! for yet of him I've none,
Unleſs a churliſh Diſobedience may
Be counted from a Child a Mother's Comfort.

From

From his malicious Grudge I know my Son,
His Brother *Clarence'* Death was firſt contriv'd;
But may his Penitence find Heaven's Mercy.
Where is the Queen, my Lord?

Buck. I left her with her Kinſmen, deep in Sorrow,
Who have with much ado perſwaded her
To leave the Body--- Madam, they are here.

Enter Queen, Rivers, *and* Dorſet.

Queen. Why do you thus oppoſe my Grief? Unleſs,
To make me Rave, and Weep the faſter? Ha!
My Mother too in Tears! freſh Sorrow ſtrikes
My Heart, at Sight of every Friend, that lov'd
My *Edward* living---O Mother, he's dead!
Edward my Lord, thy Son, our King is dead!
O! that my Eyes cou'd weep away my Soul,
Then I might follow worthy of his Hearſe.

Stan. Your Duty, Madam, of a Wife is dead,
And now the Mother's only claims your Care.
Think on the Prince your Son,---ſend for him ſtraight,
And let his Coronation clear your Eyes.
Bury your Griefs in the dead *Edward's* Grave,
Revive your Joys on living *Edward's* Throne.

Queen. Alas! that Thought but adds to my Afflictions,
New Tears for *Edward* gone, and Fears for *Edward's* living;
An helpleſs Child, and his Minority
Is in the Truſt of his ſtern Uncle *Glo'ſter*;
A Man that frowns on me, and all of mine.

Buck. Judge not ſo hardly, Madam, of his Love,
Your Son will find in him a Father's Care.

Enter Richard *behind.*

Rich. Why, ay! theſe Tears look well---Sorrow's the Mode,
And every one at Court muſt wear it now:
With all my Heart; I'll not be out of Faſhion. [*Aſide.*

Queen. My Lord, juſt Heaven knows, I never hated *Richard*;
But wou'd on any Terms embrace his Friendſhip.

Buck. Theſe Words wou'd make him weep---I know him yours:
See where he comes in Sorrow for our Loſs.
Rich. My Lords, good Morrow,---Couſin of *Buckingham*,
I am yours. [*Weeps.*
Buck. Good Morning to your Grace.
Rich. Methinks
We meet like Men, that had forgot to ſpeak.
Buck. We may remember---but our Argument
Is now too mournful to admit much Talk;
Rich. It is indeed! Peace be with him has made it ſo.
Siſter, take Comfort---'tis true, we've all cauſe
To mourn the dimming of our ſhining Star;
But Sorrow never cou'd revive the Dead;
And, if it cou'd, Hope wou'd prevent our Tears;
So we muſt weep, becauſe we weep in vain.
Madam, my Mother---I do cry your mercy,
My Grief was blind---I did not ſee your Grace,
Moſt humbly on my Knee I crave your Bleſſing,
Duch. York. Thou haſt it, and may thy charitable
Heart and Tongue love one another; may Heav'n
Endow thy Breaſt with Meekneſs and Obedience.
Rich. Amen, and make me die a good old Man:
That's the old But-end of a Mother's Bleſſing;
I marvel that her Grace did leave it out.
[*Aſide.*
Buck. My Lords, I think 'twere fit, that now Prince *Edward*
Forthwith from *Ludlow* ſhou'd be ſent for Home,
In order to his Coronation.
Rich. By all means, my Lords---Come, let's in to Council,
And appoint who ſhall be the Meſſengers:
Madam, and you my Siſter, pleaſe you go
To give your Sentiments on this Occaſion.
Queen. My Lord your Wiſdom needs no help from me,
My glad Conſent you have in all that's Juſt;
Or for the People's Good, tho' I ſuffer by't.
Rich. Pleaſe you to retire, Madam, we ſhall propoſe
What you'd not think the People's Wrong, nor yours.

Queen.

Queen. May Heaven proſper all your good Intent.

[*Exeunt omnes præter* Buck. *and* Richard.

Rich. Amen, with all my Heart,—for mine's the Crown;
And is not that a good one—ha! pray'd ſhe not well, Couſin?

Buck. I hope ſhe propheſy'd—you now ſtand fair.

Rich. Now, by St. *Paul*, I feel it here—methinks
The maſſy weight on't galls my laden Brow:
What think'ſt thou Couſin, wer't not an eaſie Matter
To get Lord *Stanley*'s Hand to help it on.

Buck. My Lord, I doubt that, for his Father's ſake;
He loves the Prince too well; he'll ſcarce be won
To any Thing againſt him.

Rich. Poverty, the Reward of honeſt Fools,
O'ertake him for't—what think'ſt thou then of *Haſtings*?

Buck. He ſhall be try'd my Lord—I'll find out *Catesby*,
Who ſhall at ſubtle diſtance ſound his Thoughts:
But we muſt ſtill ſuppoſe the worſt may happen;
What if we find him cold in our Deſign?

Rich. Chop off his Head—ſomething we'll ſoon determine;
But haſte, and find out *Catesby*,
That done, follow me to the Council-Chamber;
We'll not be ſeen together much, nor have
It known that we confer in private—therefore
Away good Couſin.

Buck. I am gone my Lord.

Rich. Thus far we run before the Wind;
My Fortune ſmiles, and gives me all that I dare aſk.
The conquer'd Lady *Anne* is bound in Vows,
Faſt as the Prieſt can make us, we are One.
The King my Brother ſleeps without his Pillow,
And I am left the Guardian of his Infant Heir.
Let me ſee——
The Prince will ſoon be here—let him! the Crown!
O Yes! he ſhall have twenty Globes and Sceptres too.
New ones made to play withal—but no Coronation——
No, not no Court-Flies about him—no Kinſmen,
Hold ye—where ſhall he keep his Court?
Ay,—the *Tower*. [*Exit.*

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Prince Edward, Richard, Buckingham, *Lord* Stanley, Treſſel, *and* Attendants.

Rich. NOw, my Royal Couſin, welcome to *London*;
Welcome to all thoſe honour'd Dignities
Which by your Father's Will, and by your Birth,
You ſtand the undoubted Heir poſſeſs'd of:
And, if my plain Simplicity of Heart,
May take the Liberty to ſhew it ſelf,
You're farther welcome to your Uncle's Care
And Love---why do you ſigh, my Lord?
The weary Way has made you melancholly.

P. Edward. No, Uncle, but our Croſſes on the Way
Have made it tedious, weariſome, and heavy:
I want more Uncles here to welcome me!

Treſſ. More Uncles! what means his Highneſs?

Stan. Why, Sir, the careful Duke of *Gloſter* has
Secur'd his Kinſmen on the Way---Lord *Rivers*, *Grey*,
Sir *Thomas Vaughan*, and others of his Friends,
Are Priſoners now in *Pomfret* Caſtle;
On what Pretence it boots not---there they are,
Let the Devil and the Duke alone to accuſe 'em.

Rich. My Lord, the Mayor of *London* comes to greet you.

Enter Lord Mayor *and* Citizens.

L. May. Vouchſafe, moſt gracious Sovereign, to accept
The general Homage of your Loyal City:
We farther beg your Royal Leave to ſpeak
In deep Condolement of your Father's Loſs;

And,

And, far as our true Sorrow will permit,
To gratulate your Acceſſion to the Throne.

P. Edw. I thank you, good my Lord, and thank you all.
Alas my Youth is yet unfit to Govern,
Therefore the Sword of Juſtice is in abler Hands:
But be aſſur'd of this, ſo much already
I perceive I love you, that tho' I know not yet
To do you Offices of Good; yet this I know,
I'll ſooner die, than baſely do you Wrong.

Rich. So wiſe, ſo young, they ſay do never live long. [*Aſide.*

P. Edw. My Lords,
I thought my Mother, and my Brother *York*,
Wou'd long e'er this have met us on the Way;
Say Uncle *Glo'ſter*, if Our Brother come,
Where ſhall we ſojourn till our Coronation?

Rich. Where it ſhall ſeem beſt to your Royal ſelf;
May I adviſe you, Sir, ſome Day or two
Your Highneſs ſhall repoſe you at the *Tower*;
Then where you pleaſe, and ſhall be thought moſt fit
For your beſt Health and Recreation.

P. Edw. Why at the *Tower*? But be it as you pleaſe.

Buck. My Lord—your Brother's Grace of *York*.

Enter Duke *and* Ducheſs *of* York.

P. Edw. Richard of *York!* how fares our deareſt Brother? [*Embracing.*

D. York. O my dear Lord! So I muſt call you now.

P. Edw. Ay Brother, to our Grief, as it is yours.
Too ſoon he dy'd, who might have better worn
That Title, which in me will loſe its Majeſty,

Rich. How fares our Couſin, noble Lord of *York*?

Duke York. Thank you kindly, dear Uncle—O my Lord,
You ſaid that idle Weeds were faſt in Growth,
The King my Brother has out-grown me far.

Rich. He has my Lord.

Duke York. And therefore is he idle?

Rich. O pretty Couſin, I muſt not ſay ſo.

Duke York. Nay, Uncle, I don't believe the Saying's true,
For if it were, you'd be an idle Weed.

Rich. How ſo Couſin?

Duke York. Becauſe I have heard Folks ſay you grew (ſo faſt,
Your Teeth wou'd gnaw a Cruſt at two Hours old:
Now 'twas two Years e'er I cou'd get a Tooth.

Rich. Indeed! I find the Brat is taught this Leſſon——
Who told thee this, my pretty merry Couſin?

Duke York. Why, your Nurſe, Uncle.

Rich. My Nurſe, Child! ſhe was dead before thou wer't born.

Duke York. If 'twas not ſhe, I can't tell who told me?

Rich. So ſubtle too——'tis pity thou art ſhort liv'd.

P. Edw. My Brother, Uncle, will be croſs in Talk.

Rich. O, fear not, my Lord, we ſhall never quarrel.

P. Edw. I hope your Grace knows how to bear with him.

Duke York. You mean to bear me——not to bear with me——
Uncle, my Brother mocks both you and me,
Becauſe that I am little like an Ape,
He thinks that you ſhou'd bear me on your Shoulders.

P. Edw. Fie, Brother, I have no ſuch Meaning.

Stan. With what a ſharp, provided Wit he reaſons,
To mitigate the Scorn he gives his Uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himſelf.

Treſſ. So cunning and ſo young is wonderful!

Rich. My Lord, will't pleaſe you paſs along?
My ſelf, and my good Couſin *Buckingham*
Will to your Mother, to entreat of her
To meet and bid you welcome at the *Tower*.

Duke York. What! will you go to the *Tower*, my dear Lord?

P. Edw. My Lord Protector will have it ſo.

Duke York. I ſhan't ſleep in Quiet at the *Tower*.

Rich. I'll warrant you——King *Henry* lay there,
And he ſleeps in Quiet. [*Aſide.*

P. Edw. What ſhou'd you fear, Brother?

Duke York. My Uncle *Clarence*' Ghoſt, my Lord,
My Grandmother told me he was kill'd there.

P. Edw. I fear no Uncles dead.

Rich.

Rich. Nor any, Sir, that live, I hope.

P. Edw. I hope ſo too—but come, my Lords,
To the *Tower*, ſince it muſt be ſo.

[*Ex. all but* Richard *and* Buckingham.

Buck. Think you, my Lord, this little prating *York*
Was not inſtructed by his ſubtle Mother
To taunt and ſcorn you thus opprobriouſly?

Rich. No doubt, no doubt; O 'tis a ſhrewd young Maſter,
Stubborn, bold, quick, forward and capable:
He is all the Mother's from the Top to Toe;
But let them reſt---now what ſays *Catesby*?

Buck. My Lord, 'tis much as I ſuſpected, and
He's here himſelf to inform you.

Enter Catesby.

Rich. So *Catesby*---haſt thou been tampering? What News?

Cat. My Lord, according to the Inſtruction given me,
With Words at Diſtance dropt, I ſounded *Haſtings*,
Piercing how far he did affect your Purpoſe;
To which indeed I found him cold, unwilling:
The Sum is this---he ſeem'd a while to underſtand me not.
At length, from plainer ſpeaking urg'd to anſwer,
He ſaid in Heat, rather than wrong the Head
To whom the Crown was due, he'd loſe his own.

Rich. Indeed! his own then anſwer for that Saying:
He ſhall be taken care of---mean while, *Catesby*,
Be thou near me---Couſin of *Buckingham*
Let's loſe no Time--the Mayor and Citizens
Are now in buſie meeting at *Guild-Hall*;
Thither I'd have you haſte immediately,
And at your meeteſt Vantage of the Time,
Improve thoſe Hints I gave you late to ſpeak of:
But above all, infer the Baſtardy
Of *Edward*'s Children;
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my Perſon;
Tell 'em, when my Mother went with Child of me,
My Princely Father then had Wars in *France*,
And by true Computation of the Time,

Found,

Found, that the Iſſue was not his begot,
Which in his Lineaments too plain appear'd;
Being nothing like the Noble *York* my Father;
Yet touch this ſparingly, as 'twere far off.
Becauſe, my Lord, you know my Mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my Lord, I'll play the Orator
As if my ſelf might wear the Golden Fee
For which I plead.

Rich. If you thrive well, bring 'em to ſee me here,
Where you ſhall find me ſeriouſly employ'd
With the moſt Learned Fathers of the Church.

Buck. I fly, my Lord, to ſerve you.

Rich. To ſerve thy ſelf, my Couſin.
For look when I am King, claim thou of me
The Earldom of *Hereford*, and all thoſe Moveables
Whereof the King my Brother ſtood poſſeſs'd.

Buck. I ſhall remember that your Grace was bountiful.

Rich. Couſin, I have ſaid it.

Buck. I am gone, my Lord. [*Exit.*

Rich. So, I've ſecur'd my Couſin here. Theſe Moveables
Will never let his Brains have reſt till I am King.
Go thou with Speed to Doctor *Shaw*, and thence,
Catesby,
To Frier *Beuker*—haſte, and bid 'em both
Attend me here, within an Hour at fartheſt;
Mean while my private Orders ſhall be given,
[*Ex. Cat.*
To lock up all Admittance to the Princes.
Now, by St. *Paul*, the Work goes bravely on.
How many frightful Stops wou'd Conſcience make
In ſome ſoft Heads to undertake like me.
Come, this Conſcience is a convenient Scare-crow;
It Guards the Fruit which Prieſts and wiſe Men taſte,
Who never ſer it up to fright themſelves;
They know 'tis Rags, and gather in the Face on't;
While half-ſtarv'd ſhallow Daws, thro' Fear are honeſt.
Why were Laws made, but that we're Rogues by Nature?
Conſcience! 'tis our Coin, we live by parting with it;
And he thrives beſt, that has the moſt to ſpare.

The

he proteſting Lover buys Hope with it,
nd the deluded Virgin ſhort-liv'd Pleaſure:
d grey Beards cram their Avarice with it;
our Lank-jaw'd hungry Judge will dine upon't,
nd hang the Guiltleſs, rather than eat his Mutton cold:
he Crown'd Head quits it for deſpotick Sway,
he ſtubborn People for unaw'd Rebellion.
here's not a Slave but has his ſhare of Villain:
Vhy then ſhall After-Ages think my Deeds
human! ſince my worſt are but Ambition.

Ev'n all Mankind to ſome lov'd Ills incline:
Great Men chuſe greater Sins, Ambition's mine. [Exit.

Enter Lady Anne.

L. Anne. When, when ſhall I have Reſt! Was Marriage made
o be the Scourge of our Offences here?
h! no—'twas meant a Bleſſing to the Vertuous;
once was ſo to me, tho' now my Curſe.
he Fruit of *Edward*'s Love was Sweet and Pleaſing;
t oh! untimely cropt by cruel *Richard*;
Vho rudely having grafted on his Stock,
ow makes my Life yield only Sorrow.
t me have Muſick to compoſe my Thoughts.
[*Soft Muſick.*
will not be—naught, but the Grave can cloſe my Eyes.
ow many labouring Wretches take their Reſt,
hile I, Night after Night, with Cares lie waking;
; if the gentle Nurſe of Nature, Sleep,
ad vow'd to rock my peeviſh Senſe no more.
partial Sleep! can'ſt thou in ſmoaky Cottages
tretch out the Peaſant's Limbs on Beds of Straw,
nd lay him faſt, cramm'd with diſtreſsful Bread!
t in the ſofteſt Breeze of peaceful Night,
nder the Canopies of coſtly State,

Tho'

Tho' lull'd with Sounds of ſweeteſt Melody,
Refuſe one Moment's Slumber to a Princeſs?
O Mockery of Greatneſs! But ſee,
He comes, the rude Diſturber of my Pillow.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ha! ſtill in Tears! let them flow on; they're Signs
Of a ſubſtantial Grief---why don't ſhe die?
She muſt, my Intereſt won't let her live.
The fair *Elizabeth* hath caught my Eye;
My Heart's vacant, and ſhe ſhall fill her Place.
They ſay, that Women have but tender Hearts:
'Tis a miſtake I doubt --I've found 'em tough:
They'll bend indeed---but he muſt ſtrain that cracks 'em.
All I can hope's to throw her into Sickneſs,
That I may ſend her a Phyſician's help.
So, Madam, what, you ſtill take care, I ſee,
To let the World believe I love you not.
This outward Mourning now has Malice in't,
So have theſe ſullen diſobedient Tears:
I'll have you tell the World I doat on you.

L. Anne. I wiſh I cou'd---but 'twill not be believ'd;
Have I deſerv'd this Uſage?

Rich. You have --you do not pleaſe me, as at firſt.

L. Anne. What have I done? What horrid Crime committed?

Rich. To me the worſt of Crimes, out-liv'd my Liking.

L. Anne. If that be criminal, juſt Heaven be kind,
And take me while my Penitence is warm:
O Sir, forgive, and kill me.

Rich. Umh! no----the meddling World will call it Murder,
And I wou'd have 'em think me pitiful:
Now wer't thou not afraid of Self-deſtruction,
Thou haſt a fair Excuſe for't.

L. Anne. How fain wou'd I be friends with Death, ---O name it.

Rich. Thy Husband's Hate---nor do I hate thee only
From the dull'd Edge of ſated Appetite,
But from the eager Love I bear another.

Some

ome call me Hypocrite--what thinkſt thou now? Do
I diſſemble? (ſembled.

L. Anne. Thy Vows of Love to me were all diſ-

Rich. Not one--for when I told thee ſo, I lov'd:
Thou art the only Soul I never yet deceiv'd;
And 'tis my Honeſty that tells thee now,
With all my Heart I hate thee.
If this have no Effect, ſhe is immortal. [*Aſide.*

L. Anne. Forgive me Heaven, that I forgave this
O may my Story, told in after Ages, (Man.
Give Warning to our eaſie Sex's Ears;
May it unveil the Hearts of Men, and ſtrike
Them deaf to their diſſimulated Love.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Lord, his Grace of *Buckingham* attends
Your Highneſs' Pleaſure.

Rich. Wait on him--I'll expect him here. [*Ex. Cat.*
Your Abſence, Madam, will be neceſſary.

L. Anne. Wou'd my Death were ſo-- [*Exit.*

Rich. It may be ſhortly.

Enter Buckingham.

So, my Couſin, what ſay the Citizens?

Buck. Now, by our Hopes, my Lord, they are
ſenſeleſs Stones:
Their heſitating Fear has ſtruck 'em dumb. (dren.

Rich. Touch'd you the Baſtardy of *Edward*'s Chil-

Buck. I did, with his Contract to Lady *Lucy*;
Nay, his own Baſtardy, and Tyranny for Trifles,
Laid open all your Victories in *Scotland*,
Your Diſcipline in War, Wiſdom in Peace;
Your Bounty, Juſtice, fair Humility;
Indeed left nothing that might gild our Cauſe
Untouch'd, or ſlightly handled in my Talk:
And when my Oration drew towards an End,
I urg'd of them that lov'd their Country's Good,
To do you Right, and cry, *Long live King* Richard.

Rich. And did they ſo? (fix'd,

Buck. Not one, by Heaven--but each like Statues

Speechleſs and pale, ſtar'd in his Fellow's Face;
Which, when I ſaw, I reprehended them,
And ask'd the *Mayor* what meant this wilful Silence?
His Anſwer was, the People were not us'd
To be ſpoken to but by the *Recorder*;
Who then took on him to repeat my Words.
Thus ſaith the *Duke*, thus hath the *Duke* inſtructed;
But nothing urg'd in Warrant from himſelf.
When he had done, ſome Followers of my own,
At lower End of th'Hall hurl'd up their Caps,
And ſome ten Voices cry'd, *God ſave King* Richard:
At which I took the Vantage of thoſe few,
And cry'd, Thanks, gentle Citizens, and Friends,
This general Applauſe, and cheerful Shout,
Argues your Wiſdom, and your Love to *Richard*,
And ev'n here broke off, and came away.

Rich. O Tongue-leſs Blocks! wou'd they not ſpeak?
Will not the *Mayor* then, and his *Brethren* come?

Buck. The Mayor is here at Hand---feign you ſome Fear,
And be not ſpoke with, but by mighty Suit.
A Prayer-Book in your Hand, my Lord, were well,
Standing between two Churchmen of Repute;
For on that Ground I'll make an holy Deſcant;
Yet be not eaſily won to our Requeſts;
Seem, like the Virgin, fearful of your Wiſhes.

Rich. My other ſelf!---my Counſel's Conſiſtory!
My Oracle! my Prophet! my dear Couſin!
I, as a Child, will go by thy Direction. [Lord;

Buck. Hark! the Lord Mayor's at hand---away, my
Nor doubt, but yet we reach our Point propos'd.

Rich. We cannot fail, my Lord, while you are Pilot:
A little Flattery ſometimes does well. [*Exit.*

Enter Lord Mayor, *and* Citizens.

Buck. Welcome, my Lord, I dance Attendance here,
I'm afraid the Duke will not be ſpoke withal.

Enter Catesby.

Now, *Catesby*, what ſays your Lord to my Requeſt?

Cat. My Lord, he humbly does intreat your Grace
To viſit him to Morrow, or next Day: He's

He's now retir'd with two Right Reverend Fathers
Divinely bent to Meditation;
And in no worldly Suits wou'd he be mov'd
To interrupt his holy Exercise.

Buck. Return, good *Catesby*, to the gracious Duke;
Tell him, my ſelf, the *Mayor*, and *Citizens*,
In deep Deſigns, in Matters of great Moment,
No leſs importing than our general Good,
Are come to have ſome Conference with his Grace.

Cat. My Lord, I'll inſtantly inform his Highneſs.

Buck. Ah, my good Lord! this Prince is not an *Edward*;
He is not lolling on a lewd Love-Bed,
But on his Knees at Meditation;
Not dallying with a Brace of Courtezans;
But with two deep Divines in Secret Praying.
Happy were *England*, wou'd this virtuous Prince
Take on himſelf the Toil of Sovereignty.

L. May. Happy indeed my Lord.

Buck. Alas, my Lord! you know him not, his Mind's
Above this World—he's for a Crown immortal.
Look there, his Door opens: now where's our Hope?

L. May. See, where his Grace ſtands 'tween two Clergymen.

Buck. Ay, ay, 'tis there he's caught—there's his Ambition.

L. May. How low he bows to thank 'em for their Care;
And ſee! a Prayer-Book in his Hand!

Buck. Wou'd he were King, we'd give him Leave to pray:
Methinks I wiſh it for the Love he bears the City.
How have I heard him vow, he thought it hard
The Mayor ſhou'd loſe his Title with his Office.
Well, who knows? He may be won.

L. May. Ah, my Lord!

Buck. See, he comes forth—my Friends be reſolute,
I know he's cautious to a Fault, but do not
Leave him till our honeſt Suit be granted.

Enter Richard *with a Book.*

Rich. Couſin of *Buckingham*,
I do beſeech your Grace to pardon me,
Who, earneſt in my zealous Meditation,
So long deſert'd the Service of my Friends;
Now do I fear I've done ſome ſtrange Offence,
That looks diſgracious in the City's Eye. If ſo,
'Tis juſt you ſhou'd reprove my Ignorance.

Buck. You have, my Lord; we with your Grace
On our Entreaties wou'd amend your Fault.

Rich. Elſe wherefore breathe I in a Chriſtian Land?

Buck. Know then it is your Fault, that you reſign
The Sceptred Office of your Anceſtors;
Fair *England*'s Throne, your own due Right of Birth,
To the Corruption of a blemiſh'd Stock,
While in the Mildneſs of your ſleeping Thoughts,
(Which here we waken to our Country's Good)
This wounded Iſle does want her proper Limbs,
Which to ſecure, join'd with theſe Loyal Men,
Your very worſhipful, and loving Friends;
And by their zealous Inſtigation,
In this juſt Cauſe, I come to move your Highneſs,
That on your gracious ſelf you'd take the Charge,
And Kingly Government of this your Land,
Not as Protector, Steward, Subſtitute,
Or lowly Factor for another's Gain;
But as ſucceſſively from Blood to Blood,
Your own by Right of Birth, and Lineal Glory.

Rich. I cannot tell, if to depart in Silence,
Or bitterly to ſpeak in your Reproof,
Fits beſt with my Degree, or your Condition;
Therefore to ſpeak in juſt Refuſal of your Suit,
And then in Speaking not to check my Friends;
Definitively thus I anſwer you:
Your Love deſerves my Thanks; but my Deſert
Unmeritable, ſhuns your fond Requeſt;
For, Heav'n be thank'd, there is no need of me,
The Royal Stock has left us Royal Fruit,
Which mellow'd by the ſtealing Hours of Time,

Will

Will well become the Seat of Majesty,
And make us (no doubt) happy by his Reign.
On him I lay what you wou'd lay on me,
The Right and Fortune of his happy Stars;
Which Heav'n forbid my Thoughts shou'd rob him of.
Buck. My Lord, this argues Conscience in your Grace;
But Circumstances well considered,
The weak Respects thereof are nice and trivial.
You say that *Edward* was your Brother's Son,
So say we too, but not by *Edward*'s Wife;
If solemn Contracts are of any Force,
That Title Justice gave to Lady *Lucy*:
Ev'n of his Birth cou'd I severely speak,
Save that for Reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing Limit to my Tongue. (Grace
L. May. Upon our Knees, my Lord, we beg your
To wear this precious Robe of Dignity,
Which on a Child must sit too loose and heavy;
'Tis yours, befitting both your Wisdom, and your
Cat. My Lord, this Coldness is unkind, (Birth.
Nor suits it with such ardent Loyalty.
Buck. O make 'em happy! Grant their lawful Suit.
Rich. Alas, why wou'd you heap this Care on me?
I am unfit for State and Majesty.
I thank you for your Loves, but must declare
(I do beseech you take it not amiss)
I will not! dare not! must not yield to you.
Buck. If you refuse us, thro' a soft Remorse,
Loath to depose the Child, your Brother's Son;
(As well we know your Tenderness of Heart)
Yet know, tho' you deny us to the last,
Your Brother's Son shall never reign our King,
But we will plant some other in the Throne,
To the Disgrace and Downfal of your House:
And thus resolv'd, I bid you, Sir, farewel;
My Lord, and Gentlemen, I crave your Pardon
For this vain Trouble—my Intent was Good,
I wou'd have serv'd my Country, and my King,
But 'twill not be—Farewel, when next we meet.
L. May. Be not too rash, my Lord, his Grace relents.

Buck. Away, you but deceive your ſelves. [*Exit.*
Cat. Sweet Prince, accept their Suit.
L. May. If you deny us, all the Land will rue it.
Rich. Call him again---you will enforce me to
A World of Cares---I am not made of Stone,
But penetrable to your kind Entreaties;
Tho' Heav'n knows, againſt my own inclining.

Enter Buckingham.

Couſin of *Buckingham*, and ſage, grave Men,
Since you will buckle Fortune on my Back,
To bear her Burthen, whether I will or no,
I muſt have Patience to endure the Load;
But if black Scandal, her foul-fac'd Reproach
Attend the Sequel of your Impoſition,
Your meer Enforcement ſhall acquittance me;
For Heav'n knows, as you may all partly ſee,
How far I am from the Deſire of this. (will ſay it.
L. May. Heav'n guard your Grace; we ſee it, and
Rich. You will but ſay the Truth, my Lord.
Buck. My Heart's ſo full, it ſcarce has Vent for Words,
My Knee will better ſpeak my Duty now;
Long live our Sovereign, *Richard*, King of *England*.
Rich. Indeed, your Words have touch'd me nearly, Couſin;
Pray riſe---I wiſh you cou'd recal 'em. (Morrow,
Buck. It wou'd be Treaſon now, my Lord; to
If it ſo pleaſe your Majeſty, from Council
Orders ſhall be given for your Coronation.
Rich. E'en when you pleaſe, for you will have it ſo.
Buck. To Morrow then we will attend your Ma-
And now we take our Leaves with Joy. (jeſty,
Rich. Couſin, adieu---my loving Friends, farewel.
I muſt to my holy Work again.
[*Ex. Omnes præter* Richard.
Why, now my Golden Dream is out---
Ambition, like an early Friend, throws back
My Curtains with an eager Hand, o'erjoy'd
To tell me what I dream't is true---A Crown!
Thou bright Reward of ever-daring Minds;

Oh!

h! how thy awful Glory wraps my Soul!
or can the Means that got thee, dim thy Luſtre:
r, not Mens Love, Fear pays thee Adoration.
nd Fame not more ſurvives from Good than Evil Deeds.
n' acquiring Youth that fit'd th' *Epheſian* Dome,
utlives in Fame the pious Fool that rais'd it.

Conſcience lie ſtill, more Lives muſt yet be drein'd;
Crowns got with Blood, muſt be with Blood maintain'd.
[Exit.

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE *the* Tower.

nter Queen, *P.* Edward, *D.* York, *Duch.* York, *and Lady* Anne *in Tears.*

. Edw. PRay, Madam, do not leave me yet,
For I have many more Complaints to tell you.
Queen. And I unable to redreſs the leaſt.
What wou'dſt thou ſay my Child?
P. Edw. O, Mother, ſince I firſt have lain i'th' *Tower*,
ly Reſt has ſtill been broke with frightful Dreams,
r ſhocking News has wak'd me into Tears:
m ſcarce allow'd a Friend to viſit me;
ll my old honeſt Servants are turn'd off,
nd in their Rooms are ſtrange ill-natur'd Fellows,
Who look ſo bold, as they were all my Maſters;
nd I'm afraid, they'll ſhortly take you from me.
Duch. York. O mournful hearing!
L. Anne. O! unhappy Prince!
D. York. Dear Brother, why do you weep ſo?
ou make me cry too!
Queen. Alas, poor Innocence!
P. Edw. Wou'd I but knew, at what my Uncle aims;
'twere my Crown, I'd freely give it him,

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P. Edw. Wou'd I but knew, at what my Uncle aims;
'twere my Crown, I'd freely give it him,

So

So he'd but let me joy my Life in quiet.

D. York. Why, will my Uncle kill us, Brother?

P. Edw. I hope he won't——we never injur'd him.

Queen. I cannot bear to see 'em thus. [*Weeping.*

Stan. Madam, I hope your Majesty will pardon
What I am griev'd to tell, unwelcome News!

Queen. Ah me! more Sorrow yet! my Lord we've long
Despair'd of happy Tydings; pray what is't?

Stan. On *Tuesday* last, your Noble Kinsmen, *Rivers*,
Grey, and Sir *Thomas Vaughan*, at *Pomfret*
Were executed on a publick Scaffold.

Duch. York. O dismal Tydings!

P. Edw. O poor Uncles! I doubt my Turn is next.

L. Anne. Nor mine, I fear, far off.

Queen. Why then, let's welcome Blood and Massacre,
Yield all our Throats to the fierce Tyger's Rage,
And die lamenting one another's Wrongs;
O! I foresaw this Ruin of our House. [*Weeps.*

Enter Catesby.

Cat. Madam, the King
Has sent me to inform your Majesty,
That you prepare (as is advis'd from Council)
To morrow for your Royal Coronation.

Queen. What do I hear? Support me Heaven.

L. Anne. Despiteful Tydings! Oh unpleasing News!
Alas, I heard of this before, but could not
For my Soul take Heart to tell you of it.

Cat. The King does farther wish your Majesty
Would less employ your Visits at the *Tower*;
He gives me leave t'attend you to the Court,
And is impatient, Madam, till he sees you.

L. Anne. Farewel to all; and thou poor injur'd Queen,
Forgive the unfriendly Duty I must pay.

Queen. Alas, kind Soul, I envy not thy Glory,
Nor think I'm pleas'd thou'rt Partner in our Sorrow.

Cat. Madam,

L. Anne

L. Anne. I come.

Queen. Farewel, thou woful Welcomer of Glory.

Cat. Shall I attend your Majesty.

L. Anne. Attend me! whither, to be Crown'd?
t me with deadly Venom be anointed,
nd die ere Men can say, Long live the Queen.

Queen. Poor grieving Heart! I pity thy Complaining.

L. Anne. No more than with my Soul I mourn for yours; long farewel to all. [*Exit with* Catesby.

Stan. Take Comfort, Madam.

Queen. Alas! where is it to be found?
eath and Destruction follow us so close,
hey shortly must o'ertake us.

Stan. In *Britanny*,
y Son-in-Law, the Earl of *Richmond* still
esides, who with a jealous Eye observes
he lawless Actions of Aspiring *Richard*;
o him, wou'd I advise you, Madam, fly
orthwith for Aid, Protection, and Redress.
e will, I'm sure, with open Arms receive you.

Duch. York. Delay not, Madam,
or 'tis the only Hope that Heaven has left us.

Queen. Do with me what you please——for any Change
ust surely better our Condition.

Stan. I farther wou'd advise you, Madam, this Instant
o remove the Princes to some
emote abode, where you your self are Mistress.

P. Edw. Dear Madam, take me hence, for I shall ne'er
njoy a Moment's quiet here.

D. York. Nor I, pray Mother let me go too.

Queen. Come then, my pretty young Ones, let's away;
or here you lie within the Falcon's reach,
ho watches but th' unguarded Hour to seize you.

Enter Lieutenant.

Lieu. I beg your Majesty will pardon me;
ut the young Princes must, on no Account,
ave Egress from the *Tower*.

Nor

Nor must, (without the King's especial Licence)
Of what Degree soever, any Person
Have admittance to 'em---all must retire.

Queen. I am their Mother, Sir, who else commands
If I pass freely they shall follow me.
For you---I'll take the peril of your Fault upon my self.

Lieu. My Inclination, Madam, wou'd oblige you;
But I am bound by Oath, and must obey;
Nor, Madam, can I now with safety answer
For this continued Visit.
Please you my Lord to read these Orders;

Queen. O Heav'nly Powers, shall I not stay with 'em?

Lieu. Such are the King's Commands, Madam.

Queen. My Lord!

Stan. 'Tis too true---and it were vain t'oppose 'em.

Queen. Support me, Heav'n!
For Life can never bear the Pangs of such a parting
O my poor Children! O distracting Thought!
I dare not bid 'em (as I should) farewel,
And then to part in Silence, stabs my Soul!

P. Edw. What must you leave us, Mother?

Queen. What shall I say? [*Aside.*
But for a time my Loves---we shall meet again,
At least in Heav'n.

D. York. Won't you take me with you Mother?
I shall be so 'fraid to stay when you are gone.

Queen. I cannot speak to 'em, and yet we must
Be parted---then let these Kisses say farewel.
Why! O why! just Heav'n, must these be our last?

Duch. York. Give not your Grief such way---be sudden
when you part.

Queen. I will---since it must be---to Heav'n I leave 'em.
Hear me, you guardian Powers of Innocence!
Awake or sleeping---O protect 'em still;
Still may their helpless Youth attract Mens Pity,
That when the Arm of Cruelty is rais'd,
Their Looks may drop the lifted Dagger down
From the stern Murderer's relenting Hand,
And throw him on his Knees in Penitence.

Both

Both Pr. O Mother! Mother!

Queen. O my poor Children! [*Exeunt hastily.*

SCENE *the Presence.*

Discovering Richard *Seated*, Buckingham, Catesby, Ratcliff, Lovel, *&c.*

Rich. Stand all apart---Cousin of *Buckingham.*

Buck. My gracious Sovereign,

Rich. Give me thy Hand; [*Richard seated on the English Throne.*

ut say, my Cousin, what

all we wear these Glories for a Day?

r shall they last, and we rejoice in 'em?

Buck. I hope for Ages, Sir---long may they grace you:

Rich. O *Buckingham!* now do I play the Touchstone,

o try if thou be current Friend indeed.

oung *Edward* lives, so does his Brother *York.*

ow think what I wou'd speak.

Buck. Say on my Gracious Lord.

Rich. I tell thee, Cuz, I've lately had two Spiders

rawling upon my startled Hopes---now tho'

hy friendly Hand has brush'd 'em from me,

et still they crawl offensive to my Eyes;

wou'd have some Friend to tread upon 'em.

won'd be King, my Cousin.

Buck. Why so I think you are, my Royal Lord.

Rich. Ha! am I King? 'tis so---but---*Edward* lives.

Buck. Most true, my Lord.

Rich. Cousin, thou wer't not wont to be so dull.

all I be plain---I wish the Bastards dead;

nd I wou'd have it suddenly perform'd.

ow, Cousin, can'st thou answer me?

Buck. None dare dispute your Highness Pleasure.

Rich. Indeed! methinks thy Kindness freezes Cousin;

hou dost refuse me then!---they shall not die.

Buck. My Lord, since 'tis an Action cannot be

Recall'd,

Recall'd, allow me but ſome pauſe to think,
I'll inſtantly reſolve your Highneſs. [*Exit.*
Cat. The King ſeems angry, ſee he gnaws his Lip.
Rich. I'll henceforth deal with ſhorter-ſighted Fools,
None are for me, that look into my Deeds
With thinking Eyes---
High-reaching *Buckingham* grows circumſpect;
The beſt on't is, it may be done without him,
Tho' not ſo well perhaps---had he conſented,
Why, then the Murther had been his, not mine.
We'll make a ſhift as 'tis---Come hither, *Catesby*;
Where's that ſame *Tirrel*, whom thou toldſt me of?
Haſt thou given him thoſe Sums of Gold I order'd?
Cat. I have, my Liege.
Rich. Where is he?
Cat. He waits your Highneſs' Pleaſure.
Rich. Give him this Ring, and ſay my ſelf
Will bring him farther Orders inſtantly. [*Exit.* Cat.
The deep revolving Duke of *Buckingham*
No more ſhall be the Neighbour to my Counſels:
Has he ſo long held out with me untir'd,
And ſtops he now for Breath? Well, be it ſo.

Enter Lord Stanley.

How now, Lord *Stanley*, what's the News?
Stan. I hear, my Liege, the Lord Marquis of *Dorſet*
Is fled to *Richmond*, now in *Britanny*.
Rich. Why, let him go, my Lord, he may be ſpar'd.
Hark thee, *Ratcliff*, when ſaw'ſt thou *Anne* my Queen?
Is ſhe ſtill weak? Has my Phyſician ſeen her?
Rat. He has, my Lord, and fears her mightily.
Rich. But he's excelling skilful, ſhe'll mend ſhortly.
Rat. I hope ſhe will, my Lord.
Rich. And if ſhe does, I have miſtook my Man,
I muſt be marry'd to my Brother's Daughter,
At whom I know the *Briton Richmond* aims;
And by that Knot, looks proudly on the Crown.
But then to ſtain me with her Brother's Blood;
Is that the way to wooe the Siſter's Love?
No matter what's the way---for while they live

My

My goodly Kingdom's on a weak Foundation.
Tis done, my daring Heart's reſolv'd---they're dead?

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I have conſider'd in my Mind
The late Requeſt that you did ſound me in.
Rich. Well, let that reſt---*Dorſet* is fled to *Richmond*.
Buck. I have heard the News, my Lord.
Rich. Stanley, he's your near Kinſman---well, look to him.
Buck. My Lord, I claim that Gift, my due by Promiſe,
For which your Honour, and your Faith's engag'd;
The Earldom of *Hereford*, and thoſe Moveables,
Which you have promiſed I ſhall poſſeſs.
Rich. Stanley, look to your Wife, if ſhe convey
Letters to *Richmond*, you ſhall anſwer it.
Buck. What ſays your Highneſs to my juſt Requeſt?
Rich. I do remember me, *Harry* the Sixth
Did propheſy, that *Richmond* ſhou'd be King,
When *Richmond* was a peeviſh Boy.
Tis odd---a King perhaps.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Lord, I have obey'd your Highneſs Orders.
Buck. May it pleaſe you to reſolve me in my Suit.
Rich. Lead *Tirrel* to my Cloſet, I'll meet him.
Buck. I beg your Highneſs Ear, my Lord?
Rich. I'm buſy---thou troubleſt me---I'm not i'th' Vein. [*Exit.*
Buck. O Patience Heav'n! is't thus he pays my Service?
Was it for this I rais'd him to the Throne?
Oh; if the peaceful Dead have any Senſe
Of thoſe vile Injuries they bore, while living;
Then ſure the joyful Souls of Blood-ſuck'd *Edward*,
Henry, *Clarence*, *Haſtings* and all that thro'
His foul corrupted Dealings have miſcarry'd,
Will from the Walls of Heav'n in Smiles look down,
To ſee this Tyrant tumbling from his Throne,
His Fall unmourn'd, and bloody as their own. [*Exit.*

SCENE *the* Tower.

Enter Tirrel, Dighton, *and* Foreſt.

Tir. Come, Gentlemen.
Have you concluded on the Means?

Foreſt. Smothering will make no Noiſe, Sir.

Tir. Let it be done i' th' dark---for ſhou'd you ſee
Their young Faces, who knows how far their Looks
Of Innocence may tempt you into Pity.

Foreſt. 'Tis Eaſe, and living well, makes Innocence.
I hate a Face leſs guilty than my own;
Were all that now ſeem Honeſt, deep as we
In Trouble, and in Want, they'd all be Rogues.

Tir. Stand back---*Lieutenant*, have you brought the Keys?

Enter Lieutenant.

Lieu. I have 'em, Sir. [*Gives a Ring.*

Tir. Then here's your Warrant to deliver 'em.

Lieu. Your Servant, Sir.
What can this mean! Why at this dead of Night
To give 'em too! 'Tis not for me t'enquire. [*Exit.*

Tir. There Gentlemen; [*Exeunt ſeverally.*
That way-----you have no farther need of me.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Wou'd it were done:
There is a buſie ſomething here,
That fooliſh Cuſtom has made terrible,
To the intent of evil Deeds;
And Nature too, as if ſhe knew
Me Womaniſh, and Weak, tugs at
My Heart-Strings with complaining Cries,
To talk me from my Purpoſe----
And then the thought of what
Mens Tongues will ſay, of what their Hearts muſt think:
To have no Creature love me Living, nor
My Memory when Dead

Shall

Shall future Ages, when theſe Childrens Tale
Is told, drop Tears in pity of their hapleſs Fate,
And read with Deteſtation the Miſdeeds of *Richard*,
The crook-back'd Tyrant, Cruel, Barbarous,
And Bloody---will they not ſay too,
That to poſſeſs the Crown, nor Laws Divine
Nor Human ſtopt my way---why let 'em ſay it;
They can't but ſay I had the Crown;
I was not Fool as well as Villain.
Hark! the Murder's doing; Princes farewel,
To me there's Muſick in your Paſſing-Bell. [*Exit.*

Enter Tirrel.

Tir. 'Tis done; the barbarous bloody Act is done.
Ha! the King---his coming hither at this
Late Hour, ſpeaks him impatient for the News.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Now my *Tirrel*, how are the Brats diſpos'd?
Say am I happy? Haſt thou dealt upon 'em?
Tir. If to have done the thing you gave in Charge
Beget your Happineſs, then, Sir, be happy,
For it is done.
Rich. But did'ſt thou ſee 'em dead?
Tir. I did, my Lord.
Rich. And buried, my good *Tirrel*?
Tir. In that I thought to aſk your Grace's Pleaſure.
Rich. I have it---I'll have 'em ſure---get me a Coffin
Full of Holes, let 'em be both cramm'd into it,
And hark thee, in the Night-tide throw 'em down
The *Thames*---once in, they'll find the way to the Bottom;
Mean time, but think how I may do thee Good,
And be Inheritor of thy Deſire.
Tir. I humbly thank your Highneſs.
Rich. About it ſtraight, good *Tirrel*.
Tir. Conclude it done, my Lord. [*Exit.*
Rich. Why then my loudeſt Fears are huſh'd;
The Sons of *Edward* have Eternal Reſt,

And *Anne*, my Wife, has bid this World Good-Night;
While fair *Elizabeth*, my beauteous Niece,
Like a New-Morn, lights onward to my Wishes.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Lord. (bluntly)

Rich. Good News, or bad, that thou com'st in so

Cat. Bad News, my Lord, *Morton* is fled to *Richmond*,
And *Buckingham*, back'd with the hardy *Welshmen*,
Is in the Field, and still his Power increases.

Rich. Morton with *Richmond*, touches me more near
Than *Buckingham*, and his rash levy'd Numbers.
But come, Dangers retreat, when boldly they're confronted,
And dull Delays lead Impotence and Fear;
Then fiery Expedition raise my Arm
And fatal may it fall on crush'd Rebellion.

Let's muster Men, my Council is my Shield,
We must be brief when Traytors brave the Field. [Exit.

Enter Queen, *and* Dutchess *of* York.

Queen. O my poor Children—O my tender Babes!
My unblown Flowers, pluck'd by untimely Hands;
If yet your gentle Souls fly in the Air,
And be not fix'd in Doom perpetual;
Hover about me with your airy Wings,
And hear your Mother's Lamentation.
Why slept their Guardian Angels, when this Deed was done?

Duch. York. So many Miseries have drein'd my Eyes,
That my Woe-wearied Tongue is still and mute;
Why should Calamity be full of Words?

Queen. Let's give 'em Scope, for tho' they can't remove,
Yet they do ease Affliction.

Duch. York. Why then, let us be loud in Exclamations
To *Richard*, haste, and pierce him with our Cries;
That from henceforth his Conscience may out-tongue
The close Whispers of his relentless Heart.
Hark! his Trumpet sounds—this Way he must pass.

[*Trumpet sounds a March.*

Queen. Alas! I've not the daring to confront him.

Duch.

Duch. York. I have a Mother's Right, I'll force him hear me.

Enter Richard *and* Catesby, *with Forces.*

Rich. Who intercepts me in my Expedition?

Duch. York. Doſt thou not know me? Art thou not my Son?

Rich. I cry you, Mercy, Madam, Is it you?

Duch. York. Art thou my Son?

Rich. I, I thank Heav'n, my Father, and your ſelf.

Duch. York. Then I command thee hear me.

Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your Condition,
That cannot brook the Accent of Reproof.

Duch. York. Stay, I'll be mild and gentle in my Words.

Rich. And brief, good Mother, for I am in haſte.

Duch. York. Why, I have ſtaid for thee (juſt Heav'n knows,
In Torment and Agony.

Rich. And came I not at laſt to comfort you?

Duch. York. No, on my Soul, too well thou know'ſt it,
A grievous Burthen was thy Birth to me,
Techy and Wayward was thy Infancy,
Thy Prime of Manhood, daring, bold, and ſtubborn,
Thy Age confirm'd, moſt ſubtle, proud, and bloody.

Rich. If I am ſo diſgracious in your Eye,
Let me march on, and not offend you, Madam;
Strike up the Drum.

Duch. York. Yet ſtay, I charge thee hear me.

Queen. If not, hear me—for I have Wrongs will ſpeak
Without a Tongue—methinks the very Sight
Of me ſhou'd turn thee into Stone;
Where are my Children, *Richard*?

Duch. York. Where is thy Brother *Clarence*?

Queen. Where *Haſtings*?

Duch. York. Rivers?

Queen. Vaughan?

Duch. York. Grey?

Rich. A Flouriſh, Trumpets, ſtrike Alarum Drums,
Let not the Heaven's hear theſe Tell-tale Women
Rail on the Heaven's Anointed——Strike, I ſay:

[*Alarum of Drums and Trumpets.*

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous Report of War
Thus will I drown your Exclamations.

Duch. York. Then hear me Heav'n, and Heav'n at his lateſt Hour
Be deaf to him, as he is now to me.
Ere from this War he turn a Conqueror,
Ye Powers, cut off his dangerous Thread of Life,
Leſt his black Sins riſe higher in Account,
Than Hell has Pains to puniſh.
Miſchance and Sorrow wait thee to the Field,
Heart's Diſcontent, languid, and lean Deſpair,
With all the Hells of Guilt purſue thy Steps for ever.
[*Exit.*

Queen. Tho' far more Cauſe, yet much leſs Power to curſe.
Abides in me---I ſay *Amen* to her.

Rich. Stay, Madam, I wou'd beg ſome Words with you.

Queen. What can'ſt thou ask, that I have now to grant?
Is't another Son? *Richard*, I have none.

Rich. You have a beauteous Daughter, call'd *Elizabeth*.

Queen. Muſt ſhe die too?

Rich. For whoſe fair Sake I'll bring more Good to you,
Than ever you or yours from me had Harm:
So in the *Lethe* of thy angry Soul
Thou'lt drown the ſad Remembrance of thoſe Wrong
Which thou ſuppoſeſt me the cruel Cauſe of.

Queen. Be brief, leſt that the Proceſs of thy Kindneſs
Laſt longer telling than thy Kindneſs Date.

Rich. Know then, that from my Soul I love the fair *Elizabeth*, and will, with your Permiſſion,
Seat her on the Throne of *England*.

Queen. Alas! vain Man, how can'ſt thou woo her?

Rich. That wou'd I learn of you,
As one being beſt acquainted with her Humour.

Queen. If thou wilt learn of me, then woo her thus,
Send to her by the Man that kill'd her Brothers,
A Pair of bleeding Hearts---thereon engrave
Edward and *York*---then haply will ſhe weep.
On this preſent her with an Handkerchief,

Stain'

Stain'd in their Blood, to wipe her woeful Eyes?
If this Inducement move her not to Love,
Read o'er the Hiſtory of thy noble Deeds;
Tell her, thy Policy took off her Uncle
Clarence, *Rivers*, *Grey*, nay, and for her Sake
Made quick Conveyance with her dear Aunt *Anne*.

Rich. You mock me, Madam; this is not the Way
To win your Daughter.

Queen. There is no other Way,
Unleſs thou could'ſt put on ſome other Form,
And not be *Richard*, that has done all this.

Rich. As I intend to proſper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous Affairs
Of hoſtile Arms; my ſelf, my ſelf confound,
Heav'n and Fortune bar me happy Hours,
Day yield me not thy Light, nor Night thy Reſt;
Be oppoſite all Planets of Good-Luck,
To my Proceeding, if with dear Heart's Love,
Immaculate Devotion, holy Thoughts,
I tender not the Fair *Elizabeth*:
In her conſiſts thy Happineſs and mine;
Without her, follows to my ſelf and thee,
Her ſelf, the Land, and many a Chriſtian Soul,
Death, Deſolation, Ruin, and Decay:
It cannot, will not be avoided, but by this.

Queen. What ſhall I ſay? Still to affront his Love,
I fear will but incenſe him to Revenge;
And to conſent, I ſhou'd abhor my ſelf:
Yet I may ſeemingly comply, and thus
By ſending *Richmond* Word of his Intent,
Shall gain ſome Time to let my Child eſcape him.
It ſhall be ſo.
I have conſider'd, Sir, of your important Wiſhes,
And cou'd I but believe you real——

Rich. Now by the Sacred Hoſts of Saints above.

Queen. O do not ſwear, my Lord, I ask no Oath,
Unleſs my Daughter doubts you more than I.

Rich. O my kind Mother, (I muſt call you ſo)
Be thou to her my Love's ſoft Orator,

Plead

Plead what I will be, not what I have been,
Not my Deserts, but what I will deserve.
And when this warlike Arm shall have chastis'd
The audacious *Rebel*, hot-brain'd *Buckingham*;
Bound with triumphant Garlands will I come,
And lead thy Daughter to a *Conqueror's* Bed.

Queen. My Lord, farewel---in some few Days expect,
To hear how fair a Progress I have made:
Till when be happy as you're Penitent.

Rich. My Heart goes with you to my Love, farewel.
[*Exit* Queen.
Relenting, shallow-thoughted Woman.

Enter Ratcliff.

How now! the News!

Rat. Most Gracious Sovereign, on the *Western* Coasts
Rides a most powerful Navy, and our Fears
Inform us *Richmond* is their Admiral.
There do they hull, expecting but the Aid,
Of *Buckingham* to welcome them ashore. [*Exit.*

Rich. We must prevent him then----Come hither,
Cat. My, Lord, your Pleasure! [*Catesby.*

Rich. Post to the Duke of *Norfolk* instantly,
Bid him strait levy all the Strength and Power
That he can make, and meet me suddenly
At *Salisbury*---Commend me to his Grace---away.
[*Exit* Cat.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Well, my Lord, what News have you gather'd?

Stan. *Richmond* is on the Seas, my Lord:

Rich. There let him sink---and be the Seas on him,
White-liver'd Renegade---what does he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty Sovereign, but by Guess.

Rich. Stirr'd up by *Dorset*, *Buckingham*, and *Morton*,
He makes for *England*, here to claim the Crown.

Rich. Traytor! the Crown---where is thy Power then
To beat him back?
Where be thy Tenants, and thy Followers?

The

The Foe upon our Coaſt, and thou no Friends to meet 'em?
Or haſt thou marched them to the *Weſtern* Shore,
To give the Rebels Conduct from their Ships?

Stan. My Lord, my Friends are ready all i'th' *North*.

Rich. The *North*? why what do they do i'th' *North*
When they ſhou'd ſerve their Sovereign in the *Weſt*?

Stan. They yet have had no Orders, Sir, to move.
If 'tis your Royal Pleaſure they ſhou'd march,
I'll lead 'em on with utmoſt haſte to join you:
Where, and what time your Majeſty ſhall pleaſe.

Rich. What, thou would'ſt be gone to join with *Richmond*?

Stan. Sir, you've no cauſe to doubt my Loyalty,
I ne'er yet was, nor ever will be falſe.

Rich. Away then to thy Friends, and lead 'em on
To meet me---hold, come back---I will not truſt thee.
I've thought a way to make thee ſure---your Son,
George Stanley, Sir, I'll have him left behind,
And look your Heels be ſwift,
Or elſe his Head's aſſurance is but frail.

Stan. As I prove true, my Lord, ſo deal with him.

[*Exit.*

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My Lord, the Army of Great *Buckingham*
By ſudden Floods, and fall of Waters,
Is half loſt, and ſcatter'd;
And he himſelf wander'd away alone,
No Man knows whither.

Rich. Has any careful Officer proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the Traytor in?

Rat. Such Proclamation has been made my Lord.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of *Buckingham* is taken.

Rich. Off with his Head---ſo much for *Buckingham*.

Cat. My Lord, I am ſorry I muſt tell more News.

Rich. Out with it.

Cat. The Earl of *Richmond*, with a mighty Power,
Is landed, Sir, at *Milford*;

And

And to confirm the News, Lord Marquis *Dorſet*,
And Sir *Thomas Lovewel*, are up in *Yorkſhire*.

Rich. Why ay, this looks Rebellion—Ho! my Horſe!
By Heav'n the News alarms my ſtirring Soul;
And as the Wretch, whoſe Fever-weakned Joints,
Like ſtrengthleſs Hinges buckle under Life,
Impatient of his Fit, breaks like a Fire,
From his fond Keeper's Arms, and ſtarts away:
Ev'n ſo theſe War-worn Limbs grown weak,
From War's diſuſe, being now enrag'd with War,
Feel a new fury, and are thrice themſelves.
Come forth my honeſt Sword, which here I vow,
By my Soul's Hope, ſhall ne'er agen be ſheath'd;
Ne'er ſhall theſe watching Eyes have needful Reſt,
Till Death has clos'd 'em in a glorious Grave,
Or Fortune giv'n me meaſure of Revenge. [*Exit.*

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, *and others.*

Rich. THus far into the Bowels of the Land
Have we march'd on without Impediment.
Richard, the bloody and devouring Boar,
Whoſe ravenous Appetite has ſpoil'd your Fields,
Laid this rich Country waſte, and rudely cropt
Its ripen'd Hopes of fair Poſterity,
Is now even in the Centre of the Iſle,
As we're inform'd, near to the Town of *Leiceſter*;
From *Tamworth* thither, is but one Day's March:
And here receive we from our Father *Stanley*,
Lines of fair Comfort, and Encouragement,
Such as will help and animate our Cauſe,
On which let's cheerly on, courageous Friends,

To

To reap the Harveſt of a laſting Peace,
Or Fame more laſting from a well-fought War.

Oxf. Your Words have Fire my Lord, and warm our Men,
Who look'd, methought, but cold before--diſhearten'd
With the unequal Numbers of the Foe.

Richm. Why, double 'em ſtill, our Cauſe wou'd conquer 'em.
Thrice is he arm'd that has his Quarrel juſt,
And he but naked, tho' lock'd up in Steel,
Whoſe Conſcience with Injuſtice is corrupted:
The very Weight of *Richard*'s Guilt ſhall cruſh him.

Blunt. His beſt of Friends, no doubt, will ſoon be ours.

Oxf. He has no Friends, but what are ſuch thro' Fear.

Richm. And we no Foes, but what are ſuch to Heav'n.
Then doubt not, Heav'ns for us--let's on, my Friends.

True Hope ne'er tires, but mounts with Eagle's Wings;
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner Creatures Kings.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Boſworth-Field.*

Enter Richard, Norfolk, Ratcliff, Surrey, *&c.*

Rich. Here pitch our Tent, e'en in *Boſworth-Field*:
My good Lord of *Norfolk*, the cheerful Speed
Of your Supply has merited my Thanks.

Norf. I am rewarded, Sir, in having Power
To ſerve your Majeſty.

Rich. You have our Thanks, my Lord, up with my Tent;
Here will I lie to Night--but where to Morrow? Well
No Matter where--has any careful Friend
Diſcover'd yet the Number of the Rebels?

Norf. My Lord, as I from certain Spies am well
Inform'd, Six or Seven Thouſand is their
Utmoſt Power.

Rich. Why, our Battallions treble that Account;
Beſide, the King's Name is a Tower of Strength,
Which they upon the adverſe Faction want.

Norf.

Norf. Their Wants are greater yet, my Lord—thoſe c'en
Of Motion, Life, and Spirit—did you but know
How wretchedly their Men diſgrace the Field;
Of ſuch a tatter'd Hoſt of mounted Scare-crows!
So poor, ſo famiſh'd; their Executors,
The greedy Crows, fly hovering o'er their Heads,
Impatient for their lean Inheritance.

Rich. Now, by St. *Paul*, we'll ſend 'em Dinners and Apparel;
Nay, give their faſting Horſes Provender,
And after fight 'em—how long muſt we ſtay,
My Lords, before theſe deſperate Fools will give
Us Time to lay 'em with their Faces upwards?

Norf. Unleſs their Famine ſaves our Swords that Labour,
To Morrow's Sun will light 'em to their Ruin;
So ſoon, I hear they mean to give us Battle.

Rich. The ſooner ſtill the better—Come, my Lords,
Now let's ſurvey the Vantage of the Ground.
Call me ſome Men of ſound Direction.

Norf. My gracious Lord—

Rich. What ſay'ſt thou *Norfolk?*

Norf. Might I adviſe your Majeſty, you yet
Shall ſave the Blood that may be ſhed to Morrow.

Rich. How ſo, my Lord?

Norf. The poor Condition of the Rebels tells me;
That on a Pardon offer'd to the Lives
Of thoſe who inſtantly ſhall quit their Arms,
Young *Richmond*, e'er to Morrow's dawn, were friendleſs.

Rich. Why that indeed was our Sixth *Harry*'s Way,
Which made his Reign one Scene of rude Commotion.
I'll be in Men's Deſpite a Monarch; no,
Let Kings that fear, forgive—Blows and Revenge for me.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, *Sir* William Brandon, *&c.*

Rich. The weary Sun has made a Golden Set,
And by yon ruddy Brightneſs of the Clouds,
Gives Token of a goodly Day to Morrow.
Sir *William Brandon*, you ſhall bear my Standard.
Here have I drawn the Model of our Battle,
Which parts in juſt Proportion our ſmall Power:
Here may each Leader know his ſeveral Charge.
My Lord of *Oxford*, you Sir *Walter Herbert*,
And Sir *William Brandon*, ſtay with me;
The Earl of *Pembroke* keeps his Regiment.

Enter Soldier.

Sold. Sir, a Gentleman that calls himſelf *Stanley*,
Deſires Admittance to the Earl of *Richmond*.
Richm. Now by our Hopes, my noble Father-in-Law:
Admit him---my good Friends, your Leave a while.

Enter Lord Stanley.

My honour'd Father! on my Soul,
The Joy of ſeeing you this Night, is more
Than my moſt knowing Hopes preſag'd——what,
News?
Stan. I by Commiſſion bleſs thee from thy Mother,
Who prays continually for *Richmond*'s Good:
The Queen too has with Tears of Joy conſented,
Thou ſhould'ſt eſpouſe *Elizabeth* her Daughter,
At whom the Tyrant *Richard* cloſely aims.
In brief, (for now the ſhorteſt Moments of
My Stay is bought with Hazard of my Life)
Prepare the Battle early in the Morning,
For ſo the Season of Affairs requires,
And this be ſure of, I, upon the firſt

Occaſion offer'd, will deceive ſome Eyes,
And aid thee in this doubtful Shock of Arms,
In which I had more forward been ere this,
But that the Life of thy young Brother *George*
(Whom for my Pawn of Faith ſtern *Richard* keeps)
Wou'd then be forfeit to his wild Revenge.
Farewel, the rude Enforcement of the Time
Denies me to revive thoſe Vows of Love
Which ſo long ſunder'd Friends ſhou'd dwell upon.

Richm. We may meet agen, my Lord-----

Stan. Till then, once more farewel---be reſolute, and conquer.

[*Exit.*

Richm. Give him ſafe Conduct to his Regiment.
Well, Sirs, to Morrow proves a buſie Day;
But come, the Night's far ſpent---let's into Council;
Captain, an Hour before the Sun gets up
Let me be wak'd---I will in Perſon walk
From Tent to Tent, and early cheer the Soldiers.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Boſworth-Field.*

Enter Richard, Ratcliff, Norfolk, *and* Catesby.

Rich. Catesby.

Cat. Here, my Lord.

Rich. Send out a Purſuivant at Arms
To *Stanley*'s Regiment; bid him 'fore Sun-riſe
Meet me with his Power, or young *George*'s Head
Shall pay the Forfeit of his cold Delay;
What, is my Beaver eaſier than it was,
And all my Armour laid into my Tent?

Cat. It is my Liege; all is in Readineſs.

Rich. Good *Norfolk*, hie thee to thy Charge;
Uſe careful Watch---chuſe truſty Centinels.

Norf. Doubt not, my Lord.

Rich. Be ſtirring with the Lark, good *Norfolk.*

Norf.

Norf. I ſhall my Lord-----

[*Exit.*

Rich. Saddle white *Surrey* for the Field to Morrow.
Is Ink and Paper ready?

Cat. It is, my Lord.

Rich. An Hour after Midnight, come to my Tent,
And help to arm me---a good Night, my Friends.

Exit.

Cat. Methinks the King has not that pleas'd Alacrity,
Nor Cheer of Mind that he was wont to have.

Rat. The meer effect of Buſineſs;
You'll find him, Sir, another Man I'th' Field,
When you ſhall ſee him with his Beaver up,
Ready to mount his neighing Steed, with whom
He ſmiling, ſeems to have ſome wanton Talk,
Clapping his pamper'd Sides to hold him ſtill;
Then with a Motion ſwift, and Light as Air,
Like fiery *Mars*, he vaults him to the Saddle;
Looks Terror to the Foe, and Courage to his Soldiers.

Rat. Good Night to *Richmond* then; for, as I hear
His Numbers are ſo few, and thoſe ſo ſick,
And famiſh'd in their March, if he dares fight us,-----
He jumps into the Sea to cool his Fever;
But come, 'tis late---Now let's to our Tents,
We've few Hours good before the Trumpet wakes us.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Richard *from the Tent.*

Rich. 'Tis now the Dead of Night, and half the World
Is with a lonely ſolemn Darkneſs hung;
Yet I (ſo coy a Dame is Sleep to me)
With all the weary Courtſhip of
My Care-tir'd Thoughts can't win her to my Bed;
Tho' ev'n the Stars do wink, as 'twere, with over-watching;
I'll forth, and walk a while---the Air's refreſhing,

And the ripe Harveſts of the new mown Hay,
Gives it a ſweet and wholſome Odor:
How awful is this Gloom--and hark from Camp to Camp
The Hum of either Army ſtilly Sounds;
That the fixt Centinels almoſt receive
The ſecret Whiſpers of each other's Watch:
Steed threatens Steed in high and boaſtful Neighings,
Piercing the Night's dull Ear--hark, from the Tents,
The Armourers accompliſhing the Knights,
With Clink of Hammers cloſing Rivets up,
Give dreadful Note of Preparation; while ſome
Like Sacrifices, by their Fires of Watch,
With Patience ſit, and inly ruminate
The Morning's Danger--by yon Heav'n, my ſtern
Impatience chides this tardy-gated Night,
Who, like a foul, and ugly Witch, does limp
So tediouſly away---I'll to my Couch,
And once more try to ſleep her into Morning.

[*Lies down; a Groan is heard.*

Ha! what means that diſmal Voice? Sure 'tis
The Eccho of ſome yawning Grave,
That teems with an untimely Ghoſt---'tis gone!
'Twas but my Fancy, or perhaps the Wind,
Forcing his Entrance thro' ſome hollow Cavern,
No matter what---I feel my Eyes grow heavy. [*Sleeps.*

Enter King Henry's *Ghoſt, Lady* Anne's *Ghoſt, and the Ghoſts of the young Princes riſe.*

Hen. O thou! whoſe unrelenting Thoughts, not all
The hideous Terrors of thy Guilt can ſhake,
Whoſe Conſcience, with thy Body, ever ſleeps,
Sleep on; while I, by Heav'n's high Ordinance,
In Dreams of Horror wake thy frighted Soul:
Now give thy Thoughts to me; let 'em behold
Theſe gaping Wounds, which thy Death-dealing Hand
Within the *Tower* gave my anointed Body;

Now

Now ſhall thy own devouring Conſcience gnaw
Thy Heart, and terribly revenge my Murder.
Prin. Richard, dream on, and ſee the wandring Spirits
Of thy young Nephews, murder'd in the *Tower*:
Cou'd not our Youth, our Innocence perſwade
Thy cruel Heart to ſpare our harmleſs Lives?
Who, but for thee, alas, might have enjoy'd
Our many promis'd Years of Happineſs.
No ſoul, ſave thine, but pities our Miſuſage;
O 'twas a cruel Deed! therefore alone
Unpitying, unpity'd ſhalt thou fall.
L. Anne. Think on the Wrongs of wretched *Anne*, thy Wife,
Ey'n in the Battle's Heat remember me;
And edgeleſs fall thy Sword---deſpair and die.
Hen. The Morning's Dawn has ſummon'd me away;
Now *Richard*, wake in all the Hells of Guilt;
And let that wild Deſpair, which now does prey
Upon thy mangled Thoughts, alarm the World.
Awake, *Richard* awake, to guilty Minds
A terrible Example.

[*All Ghoſts ſink.*

Rich. Give me a Horſe---bind up my Wounds!
Have Mercy Heav'n! ha! Soft! 'twas but a Dream;
But then ſo terrible, it ſhakes my Soul:
Cold Drops of Sweat hang on my trembling Fleſh;
My Blood grows chilly, and I freeze with Horror.
O Tyrant Conſcience! how do'ſt thou afflict me?
When I look back, 'tis terrible retreating:
I cannot bear the Thought, nor dare repent;
I am but Man, and Fate, do thou diſpoſe me.
Who's there?

Enter Catesby.

Cat. 'Tis I, my Lord---the Village Cock
Has thrice done Salutation to the Morn;
Your Friends are up, and buckle on their Armour.
Rich. O *Catesby*! I have had ſuch horrid Dreams.

Cat. Shadows, my Lord---below the Soldier's heeding.

Rich. Now by my this Day's Hopes---Shadows to Night
Have ſtruck more Terror to the Soul of *Richard*,
Than can the Subſtance of ten Thouſand Soldiers
Arm'd all in Proof, and led by ſhallow *Richmond*.

Cat. Be more you ſelf, my Lord? Conſider Sir,
Were it but known a Dream had frighted you,
How would your animated Foes preſume on't?

Rich. Periſh that Thought---no never be it ſaid
That Fate it ſelf cou'd awe the Soul of *Richard*.

Hence babbling Dreams, you threaten here in vain;
Conſcience avant, Richard's *himſelf again:*
Hark! the ſhrill Trumpet ſounds, to Horſe, away,
My Soul's in Arms, and eager for the Fray.

[Exit.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Soldiers, *&c.*

Richm. Halt.

Sold. Halt---halt!

Richm. How far is it unto the Morning, Friends?

Oxf. Near Four, my Lord.

Richm. 'Tis well---I'm glad to find we are ſuch early Stirrers.

Oxf. Methinks the Foes leſs forward than we thought 'em:
Worn, as we are, we brave the Field before 'em.

Richm. Come, there looks Life in ſuch a cheerful Haſte;
If Dreams ſhou'd animate a Soul reſolv'd,
I'm more than pleas'd with thoſe I've had to Night;
Methought that all the Ghoſts of them, whoſe Bodies
Richard murder'd came Mourning to my Tent,
And rouz'd me to revenge 'em.

Oxf. A good Omen, Sir----hark, the Trumpet of The Enemy: It ſpeaks them on the March.

Rich.

Rich. Why then let's on, my Friends, to face 'em;
In Peace there's nothing ſo becomes a Man
As mild Behaviour and Humility:
But when the Blaſt of War blows in our Ears,
Let us be Tygers in our fierce Deportment;
For me, the Ranſom of my bold Attempt
Shall be this Body on the Earth's cold Face;
But if we thrive, the Glory of the Action
The meaneſt here ſhall ſhare his part of:
Advance your Standards, draw your willing Swords,
Sound Drums and Trumpets, boldly and cheerfully,
The Word's Saint *George*, *Richmond*, and *Victory*.
[*Exit.*

Enter Richard, Catesby, *&c.*

Rich. Who ſaw the Sun to Day?
Cat. He has not yet broke forth, my Lord.
Rich. Then he diſdains to ſhine---for by the Clock
He ſhou'd have brav'd the Eaſt an Hour ago:
Not ſhine to Day! why, what is that to me
More than to *Richmond*? for the ſelf-ſame Heav'n
That frowns on me, looks lowring upon him.

Enter Norfolk *with a Paper.*

Norf. Prepare, my Lord, the Foe is in the Field.
Rich. Come, buſtle, buſtle, Capariſon my Horſe,
Call forth Lord *Stanley*, bid him bring his Power;
My ſelf will lead the Soldiers to the Plain.
[*Exit. Cat.*
Well *Norfolk*, what think'ſt thou now?
Norf. That we ſhall conquer---but on my Tent
This Morning early was this Paper found.
Rich. [Reads.]

Jockey *of* Norfolk, *be not too bold,*
For Dickon *thy Maſter is bought and ſold.*

A weak

A weak Invention of the Enemy:
Come, Gentlemen, now each Man to his Charge,
And ere we do beſtride our foaming Steeds,
Remember whom you are to cope withal,
A Scum of *Britons*, Raſcals, Runaways,
Whom their o'er-cloy'd Country vomits forth
To deſperate Adventures, and aſſur'd Deſtruction:
If we be conquer'd, let Men conquer us,
And not theſe Baſtard *Britons*, whom our Fathers
Have, in their own Land beaten, ſpurn'd and trod on,
And left 'em on Record the Heirs of Shame:
Are theſe Men fit to be the Heirs of *England*?

Enter Catesby.

What ſays Lord *Stanley*---will he bring his Power.
Cat. He does refuſe, my Lord---he will not, Sir.
Rich. Off with his Son *George*'s Head.
Norf. My Lord, the Foe's already paſt the Marſh---
After the Battle, let young *Stanley* die.
Rich. Why, after be it then.
A Thouſand Hearts are ſwelling in my Boſom;
Draw Archers, draw your Arrows to the Head,
Spur your proud Horſes hard, and ride in Blood,
And thou, our Warlike Champion, thrice renown'd,
St. *George*, inſpire me with the Rage of Lions:
Upon 'em---Charge---follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Several Excurſions, Soldiers drove acroſs the Stage by Richard.

Re-enter Richard.

Rich. What ho! young *Richmond* ho! 'tis *Richard* calls;
I hate thee, *Harry*, for thy Blood of *Lancaſter*;
Now, if thou doſt not hide thee from my Sword,
Now while the angry Trumpet ſounds alarms,
And dying Groans tranſpierce the wounded Air;
Richmond, I ſay, come forth, and ſingle face me:
Richard is hoarſe with daring thee to Arms.

[*Exit.*
Enter

Enter Catesby, *and* Norfolk *in Disorder.*

Cat. Rescue! rescue! my Lord of *Norfolk*, haste,
The King enacts more Wonders than a Man,
Daring an Opposite to ev'ry Danger:
His Horse is slain, and all on Foot he fights,
Seeking for *Richmond* in the Throat of Death;
Nay, haste, my Lord---the Day's against us.

[*Exit.*

Enter Richard *and* Ratcliff.

Rich. A Horse! a Horse! my Kingdom for a Horse.
Rat. This Way, this Way, my Lord---below, yon Thicket
Stands a swift Horse---away; Ruin pursues us;
Withdraw, my Lord, for only Flight can save you.
Rich. Slave! I have set my Life upon a Cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the Dye:
I think there be Six *Richmonds* in the Field,
Five have I slain to Day instead of him:
An Horse! an Horse! my Kingdom for an Horse.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Richard, *and* Richmond *meeting.*

Rich. Of one, or both of us the Time is come.
Richm. Kind Heav'n I thank thee, for my Cause is thine;
If *Richard*'s fit to live, let *Richmond* fall.
Rich. Thy gallant bearing, *Harry*, I cou'd plaud,
But that the spotted Rebel stains the Soldier.
Richm. Nor shou'd thy Prowess, *Richard*, want my Praise,
But that thy cruel Deeds have stampt thee Tyrant.
So thrive my Sword, as Heav'n's high Vengeance draws it.
Rich. My Soul and Body on the Action both,
Richm. A dreadful Lay---here's to decide it.

[*Fight*; Richard *falls.*

Rich.

Rich. Perdition catch thy Arm---the Chance is thine,
But oh! the vaſt Renown thou haſt acquired!
In conquering *Richard*, does afflict him more
Than ev'n his Body's parting with its Soul.
Now let the World no longer be a Stage
To feed Contention in a lingring Act;
But let one Spirit of the firſt-born *Cain*
Reign in all Boſoms, that each Heart being ſet
On bloody Actions, the rude Scene may end,
And Darkneſs be the Burier of the Dead. [*Dies.*

Richm. Farewel, *Richard*, and from thy dreadful End
May future Kings from Tyranny be warn'd:
Had thy aſpiring Soul but ſtirr'd in Virtue,
With half the Spirit it has dar'd in Evil,
How might thy Fame have grac'd our *Engliſh* Annals!
But as thou art, how fair a Page thou'ſt blotted.
Hark! the glad Trumpets ſpeak the Field our own.

Enter Oxford, *Lord* Stanley, *and* Soldiers *with* Richard's *Crown.*

O Welcome Friends! my noble Father welcome;
Heav'n and our Arms be prais'd, the Day is ours;
See there, my Lords, ſtern *Richard* is no more.

Stan. Victorious *Richmond*, well haſt thou acquitted thee;
And ſee, the juſt Reward that Heav'n has ſent thee:
Among the glorious Spoils of *Boſworth* Field,
We've found the Crown, which now in Right is thine:
'Tis doubly thine, by Conqueſt, and by Choice.
Long live *Henry* the Seventh, King of *England*.

Richm. Next to juſt Heav'n, my noble Countrymen,
I owe my Thanks to you, whoſe Love I'm proud of,
And ruling well ſhall ſpeak my Gratitude.
But now, my Lords---what Friends of us are miſſing?
Pray tell me, is young *George Stanley* living?

Stan. He is my Liege, and ſafe in *Leiceſter* Town,
Whither, if you pleaſe, we may withdraw us.

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. My Lord, the Queen and fair *Elizabeth*

Her

Her beauteous Daughter, ſome few Miles off, are
On their Way to gratulate your Victory.

Richm. Ay, there indeed my Toil's rewarded:
Let us prepare to meet 'em Lords and then,
As we're already bound by ſolemn Vows,
We'll twine the Roſes red and white together,
And both from one kind Stalk ſhall flouriſh;
England has long been mad, and ſcar'd her ſelf;
The Brother blindly ſhed the Brother's Blood;
The Father raſhly ſlaughter'd his own Son:
The bloody Son compell'd, has kill'd his Sire.
O, now, let *Henry* and *Elizabeth*,
The true Succeeders of each Royal Houſe,
Conjoin'd together, heal thoſe deadly Wounds:
And be that Wretch of all Mankind abhorr'd,
That would reduce thoſe bloody Days agen.

Ne'er let him live to taſte our Joys Increaſe,
That would with Treaſon wound fair England's *Peace.*

E I N I S.

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